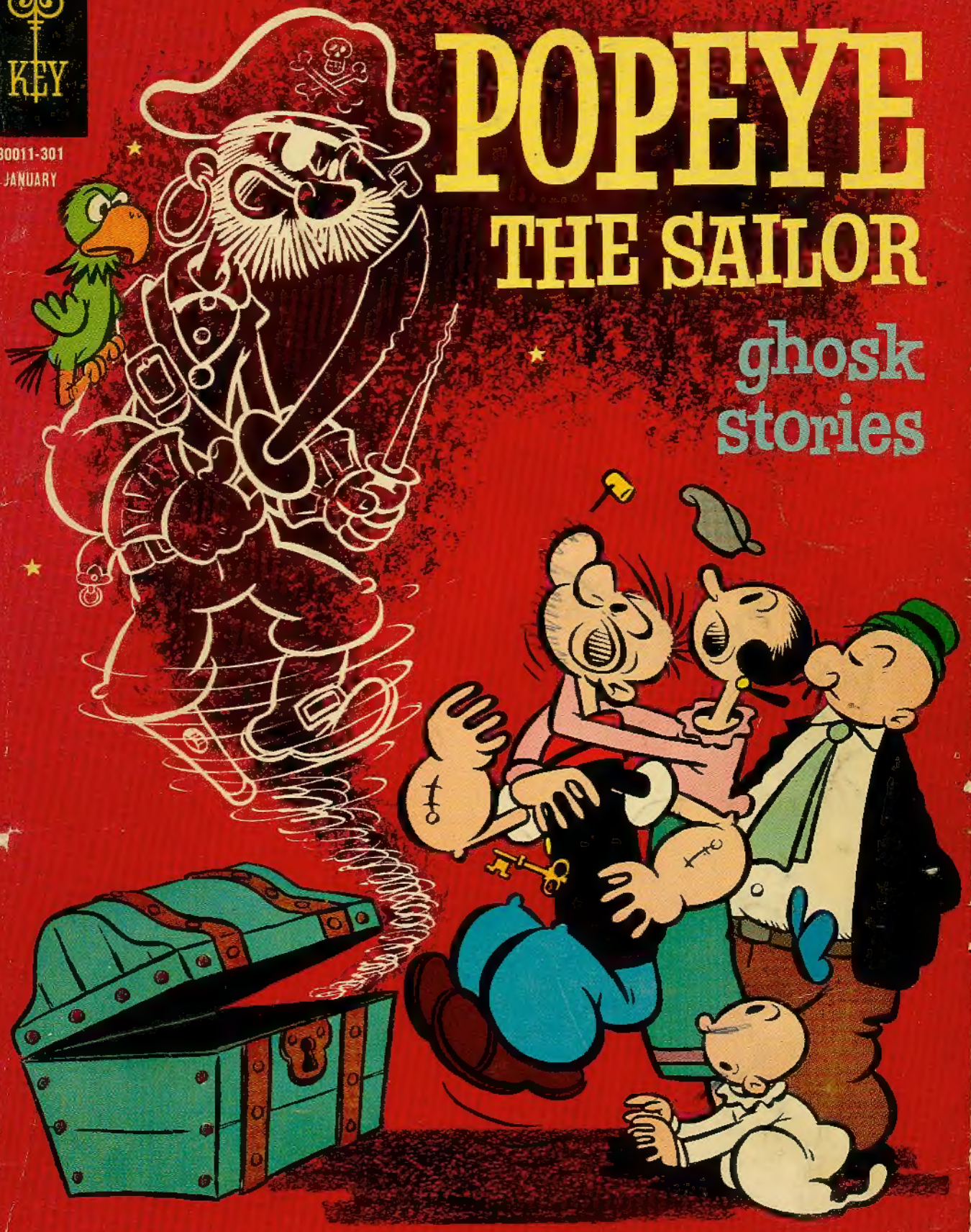
GOLD KEY
POPEYE
80 PAGES 25¢
30011-301
JANUARY

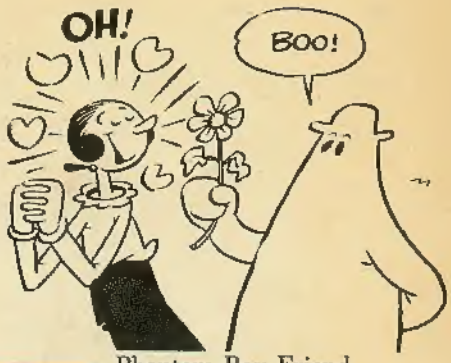
POPEYE THE SAILOR

ghosk stories



SEVEN GHOSKLY TALES *(Read them if you dare!)*

Patcheye the Pirate



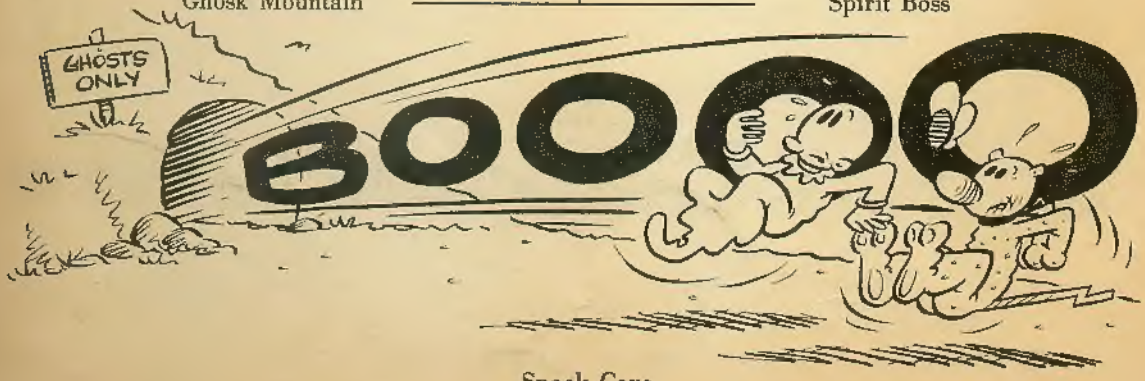
Phantom Boy Friend

Sad Return

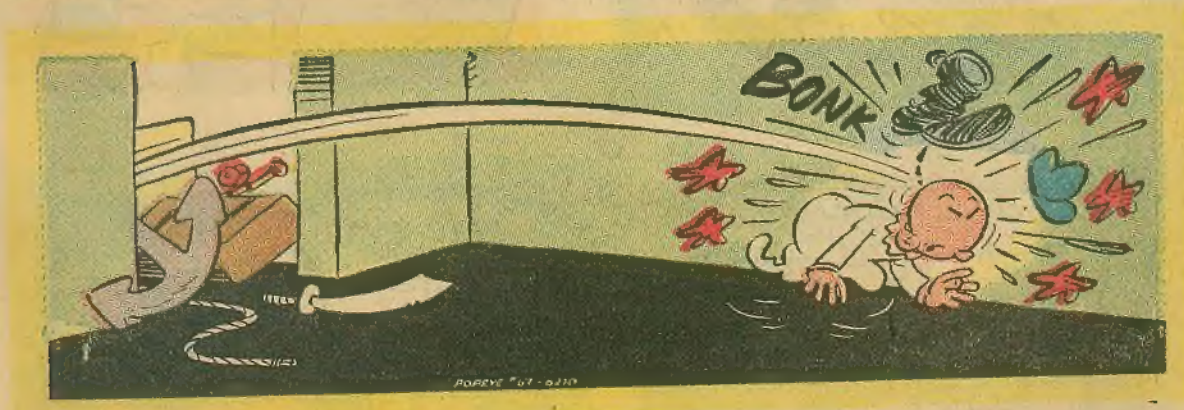
Spooked Vulture

Ghosk Mountain

Spirit Boss

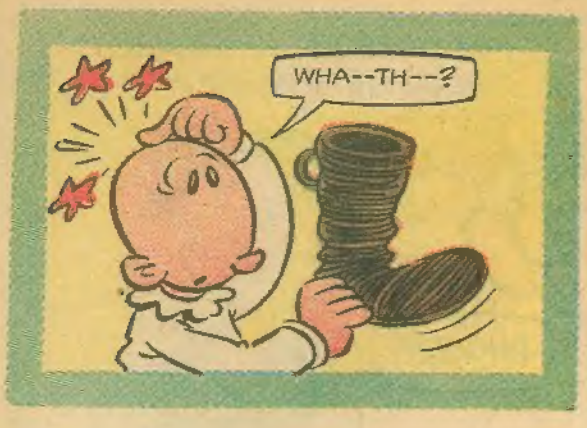


Spook Cave



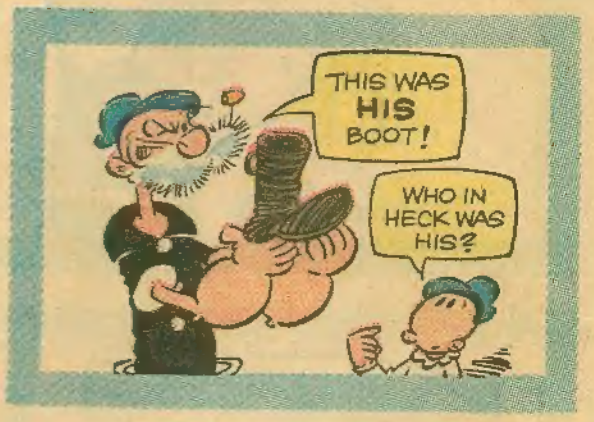
POSTMASTER: Please send notice on Form 3579 to K.K. Publications, Inc., Poughkeepsie, New York.
POPEYE THE SAILOR, No. 67, January, 1963. Published quarterly by K.K. Publications, Inc., Poughkeepsie, New York, in cooperation with Golden Press, Inc. Second-class postage paid at Poughkeepsie, New York. Subscription price in the U.S.A. $1.00 per year; foreign subscriptions $2.00 per year; Canadian subscriptions $1.50 per year. World Rights Reserved. Authorized edition. Designed, produced and printed in the U.S.A. by Western Printing & Lithographing Co. Copyright © 1962, by King Features Syndicate, Inc.

CHANGES OF ADDRESS should reach us five weeks in advance of the next issue date. Give both your old and new address enclosing if possible your old address label.


WHA--TH--?

AHOY, PAPPY! WHAT IS THIS OL' BOOT YA TOSSED OUT?
HUH?

WOW! HOT DORG!


THIS WAS HIS BOOT!
WHO IN HECK WAS HIS?

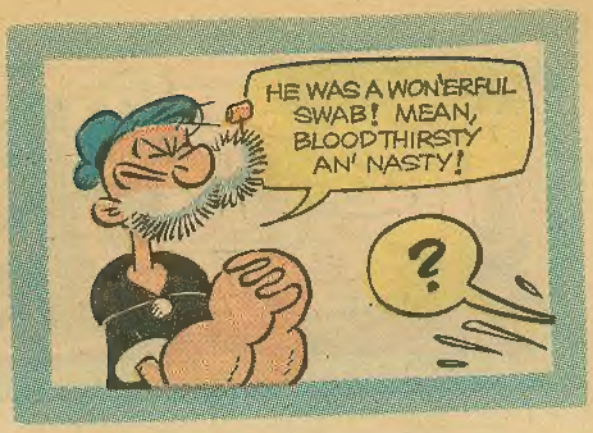
THIS BOOT BLONGED TO THE GREATEST MEMBER OF OUR FAMILY! HE WAS ME OWN SWEET GRAN'DADDY!

I'VE GOT A PICTURE OF HIM HERE SOMEWHERE!!

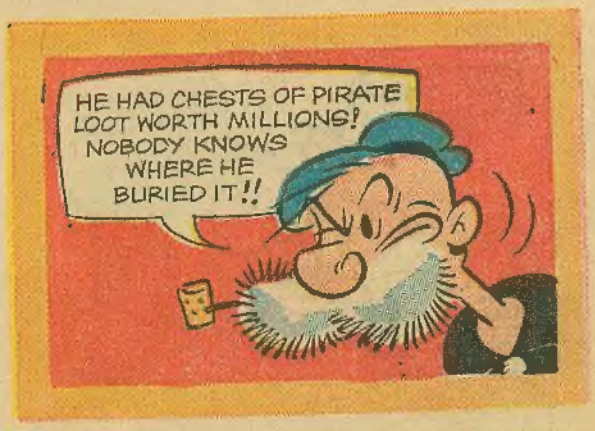
AH! HERE IT IS! WHAT A GREAT GUY!

PATCHEYE, THE HORRIBLE PIRATE!!

WOW! THE BOOT OF A REAL PIRATE!
GORSH !


HE WAS A WON'ERFUL SWAB! MEAN, BLOODTHIRSTY AN' NASTY!
?

WHAT HAPPINGED TO HIM ?
NOBODY KNOWS! HE JUS' DISAPPEARED ABOUT A HUN'RED AN' FIFTY YEARS AGO!

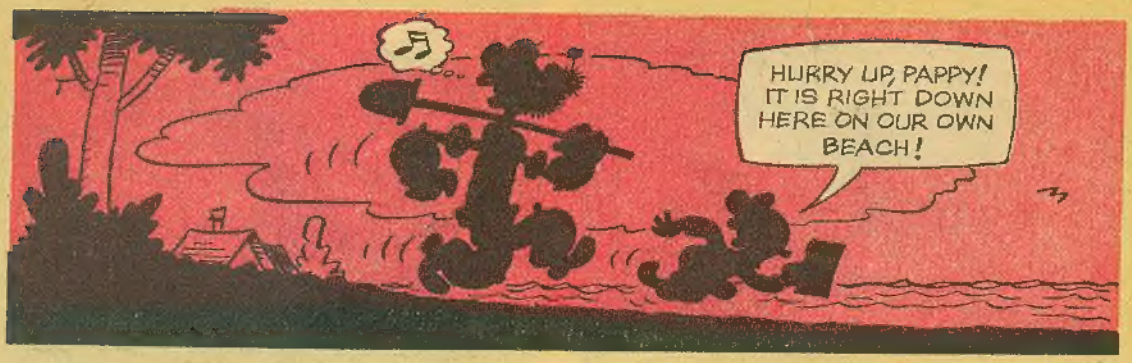

HE HAD CHESTS OF PIRATE LOOT WORTH MILLIONS! NOBODY KNOWS WHERE HE BURIED IT!!

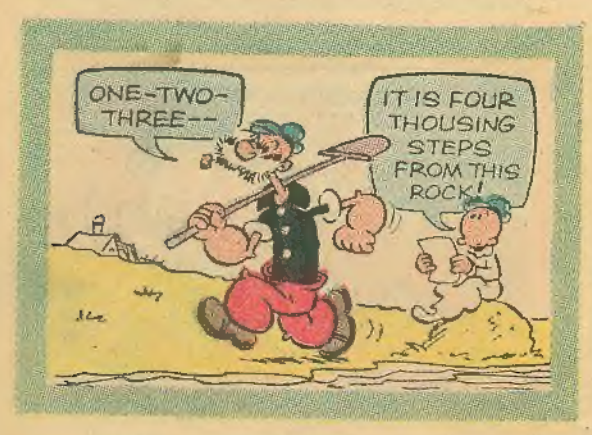
I KNOWS WHERE HIS TREASURES IS BURIED!

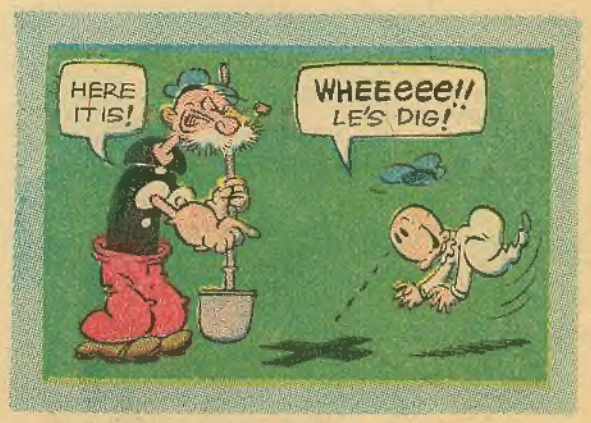
A MAP JUS' FELL OUT OF HIS OL' BOOT!
?
!

WOW! WHOOPIE!
I YAM A MILLINGAIR !!

HOLD IT, BUSTER, YA MEANS WE IS MILLINGAIRS!!

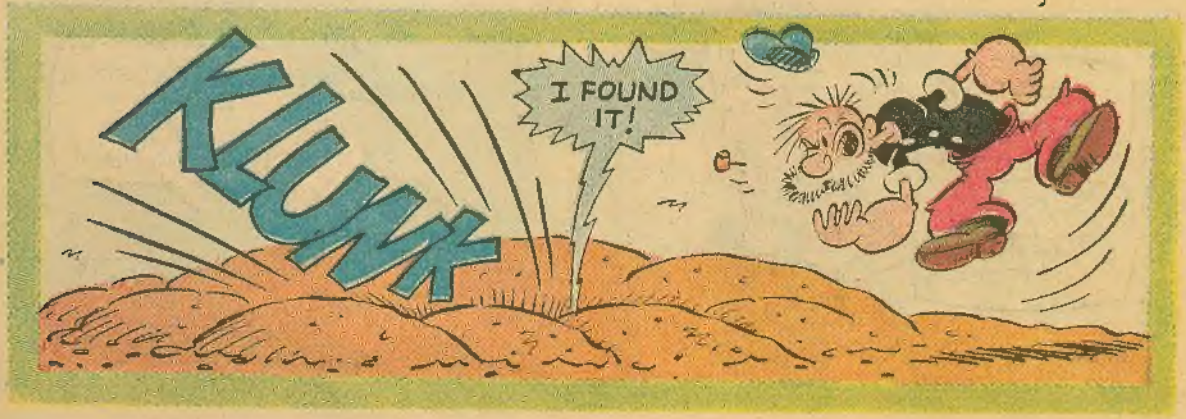

HURRY UP, PAPPY! IT IS RIGHT DOWN HERE ON OUR OWN BEACH!


ONE-TWO-THREE--
IT IS FOUR THOUSING STEPS FROM THIS ROCK!


HERE IT IS!
WHEEeee!! LE'S DIG!

YA IS DOIN' SWELL, SWEE'PEA!
PUFF!

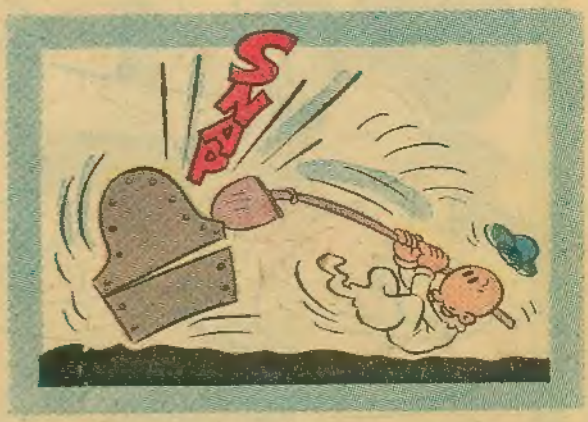
PUFF!

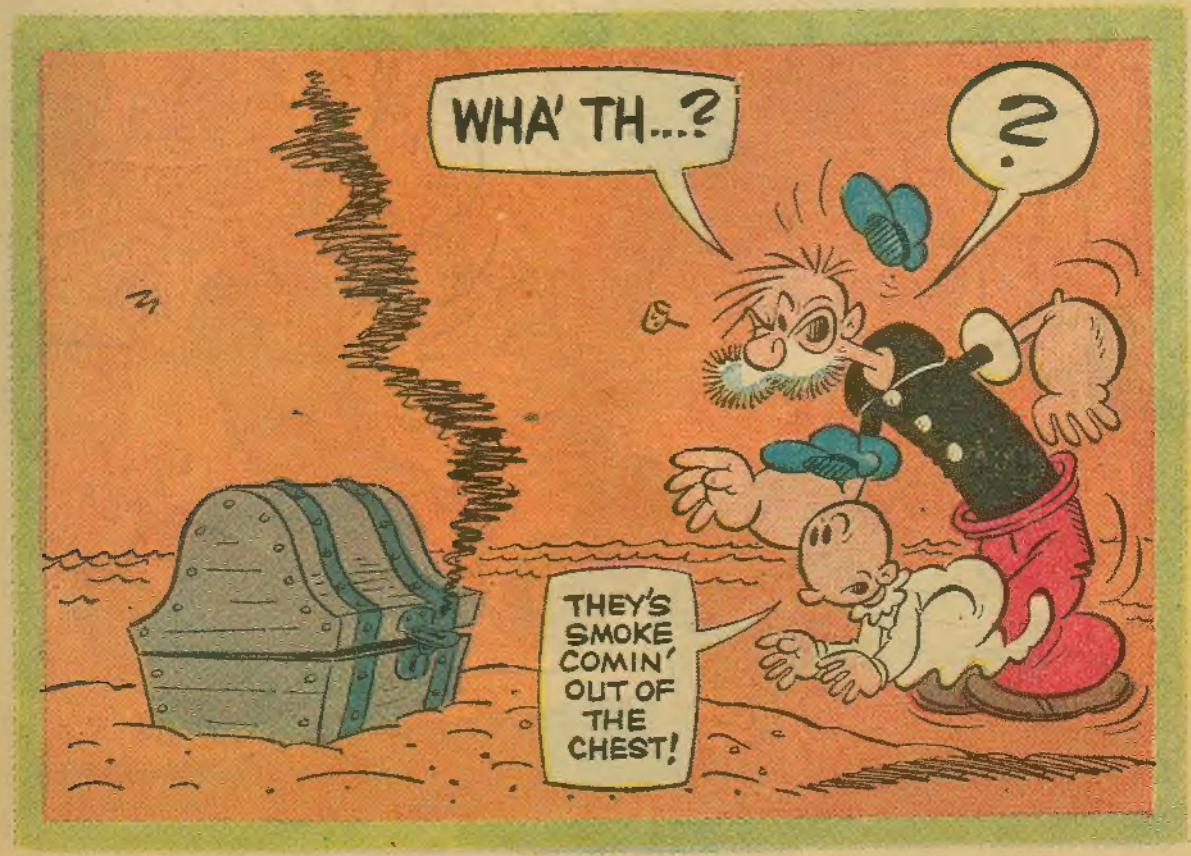

KLUNK
I FOUND IT!

PUFF!
PUFF!

OPING IT!! LE'S SEE THE GOLD!
WE HASN'T GOT NO KEY!

GORSH! IT'S SURE STUCK!


SNAP


WHA' TH...?
?
THEY'S SMOKE COMIN' OUT OF THE CHEST!

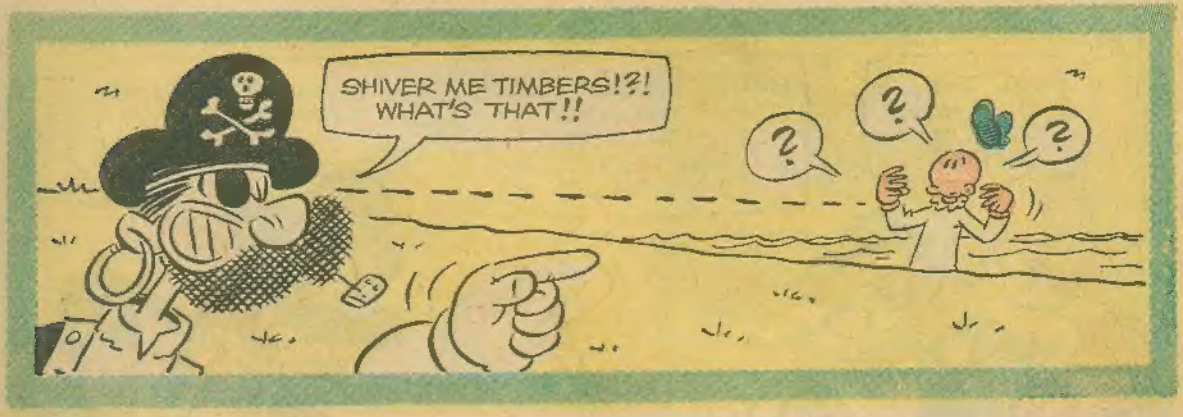
YO-HO! BLAST YER SPINNAKER!
AVAST, YA SWABS!! HEAVE THE HOOK AN' PIPE A PLANK OVER THE SIDE!
FLOG THE RATS AN' GIVE 'EM THE DEEP SIX!
YIKE! IT'S PATCHEYE'S GHOSK!!
!
GULP!

SWOGGLE ME EYES! IT'S GOOD TO GIT OUT OF 'AT CHEST!

BLAST ME BINNACLES! WHAT MANNER OF FISH BAIT IS THIS?
GULP!

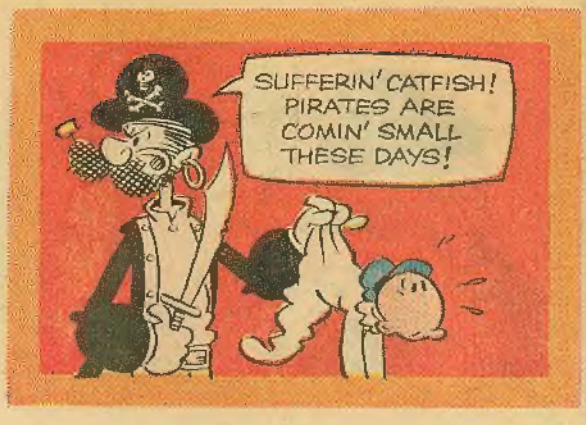
I YAM YER GRAN'SON, PATCHEYE!
WE LET YA OUT OF THE CHEST!

WOULDN'T THAT JAR YER COMPASS! HO! HO! HO! RESCUED BY AN OFFSPRING!
?


SHIVER ME TIMBERS!?! WHAT'S THAT!!
?
?
?

RUN IT THROUGH!! THE CRITTER'S STILL WIGGLING!!
YIKE!

HOLD IT, PATCHEYE! HE'S ONE OF US!

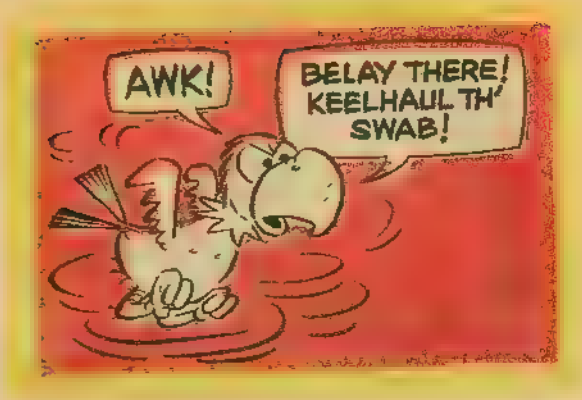

SUFFERIN' CATFISH! PIRATES ARE COMIN' SMALL THESE DAYS!

WHAT WAS YA DOIN' IN 'AT OL' CHEST, PATCHEYE?

MY CREW RAN ME THROUGH... TOOK ME TREASURE AND PUT ME IN THE CHEST!
EVEN ME GHOSK COULDN'T GET OUT!

WHA' THE...? IS THEY MORE OF YA IN THERE?
?
AVAST, YA SEA PIGS!! OPING THE DOOR AN' LET A TALL-WATER SAILOR OUT OF THIS BRIG!!
DASH ME TIMBERS! I FERGOT ABOUT MATEY!

?
?
AHOY, MATEY!

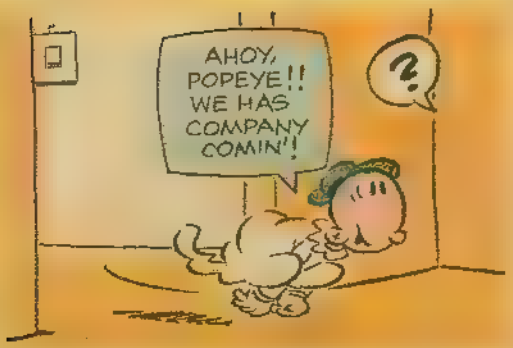

AWK!
BELAY THERE! KEELHAUL TH' SWAB!

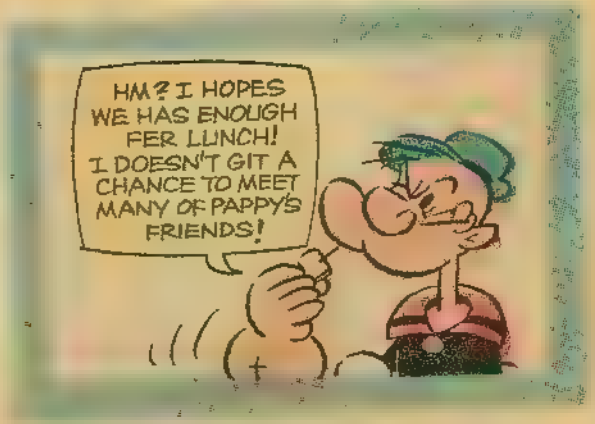
BLOW ME DOWN!? A PARROT SPOOK!
AWK!! A STOWAWAY!

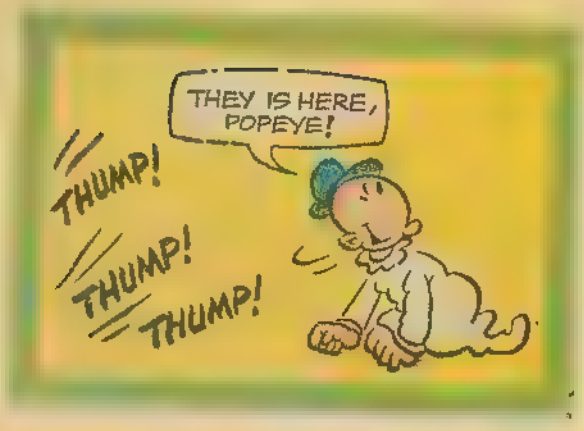
MATEY AN' ME HAS BEEN SHIPMATES FER YEARS! WHERE I GOES HE GOES!

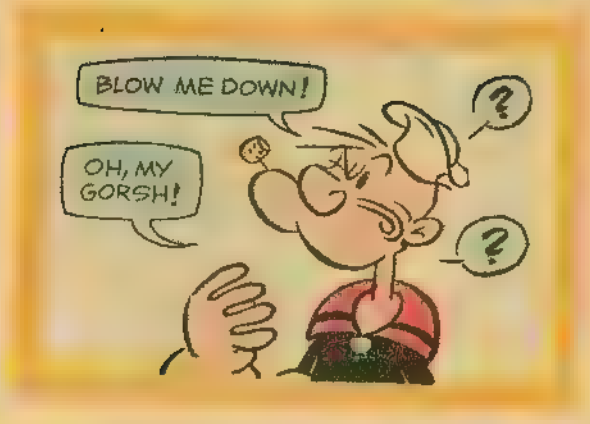
WHICH REMINDS ME! WHERE DOES YA ANCHOR? AIN'T YA GO'NER INVITE US TO YER HOUSE?

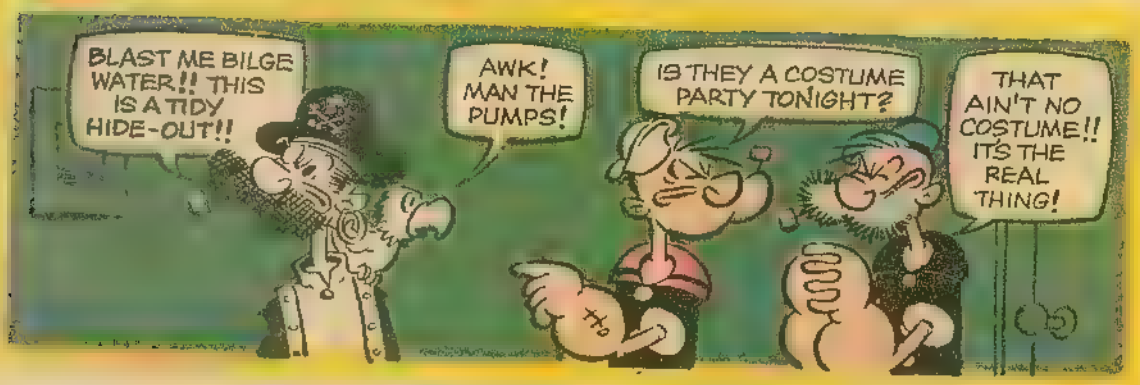
SWEE'PEA, YOU'D BETTER RUN AHEAD AND WARN POPEYE!
OKAY!


AHOY, POPEYE!! WE HAS COMPANY COMIN'!
?


HM? I HOPES WE HAS ENOUGH FER LUNCH! I DOESN'T GIT A CHANCE TO MEET MANY OF PAPPY'S FRIENDS!

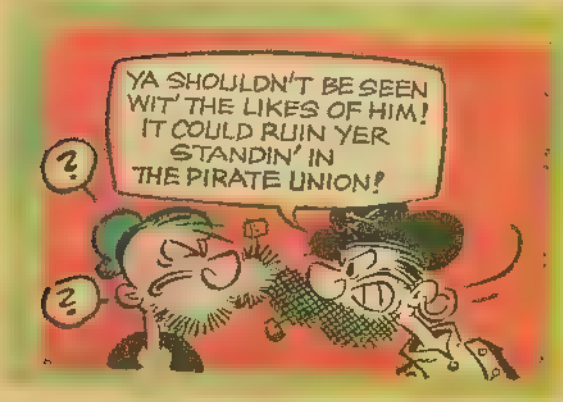

THEY IS HERE, POPEYE!
THUMP!
THUMP!
THUMP!


BLOW ME DOWN!
OH, MY GORSH!
?
?

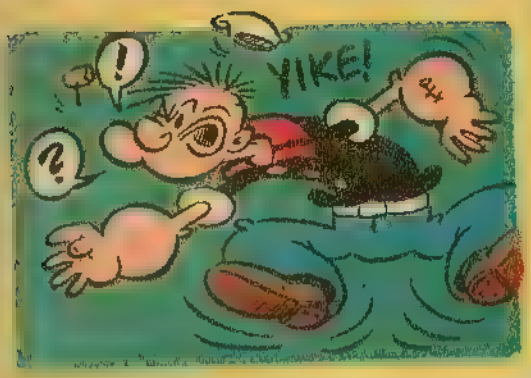

BLAST ME BILGE WATER!! THIS IS A TIDY HIDE-OUT!!
AWK! MAN THE PUMPS!
IS THEY A COSTUME PARTY TONIGHT?
THAT AIN'T NO COSTUME!! IT'S THE REAL THING!

WHA'S THE IDEA? YA KNOWS I HATES PIRATES ALMOST AS MUCH AS GHOSTS!
GULP!

SHIVER ME MAIN MAST! WHAT'S A CLEAN-SHAVEN, SISSY SAILOR DOIN' ABOARD?
HUH?


YA SHOULDN'T BE SEEN WIT' THE LIKES OF HIM! IT COULD RUIN YER STANDIN' IN THE PIRATE UNION!
?
?

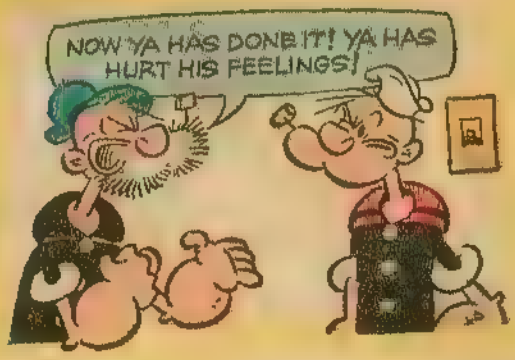
'AT'S ME SON! HE'S YER GREAT-GRAN'SON!
UGH!
AWK!

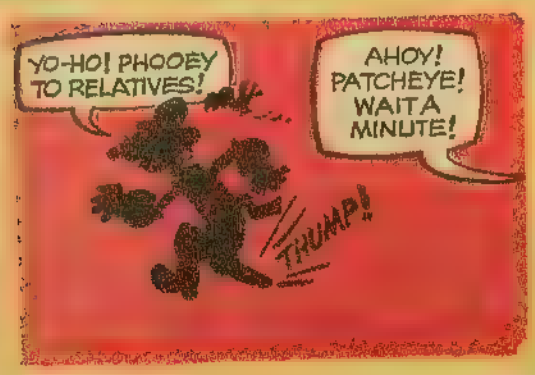

YIKE!
!
?

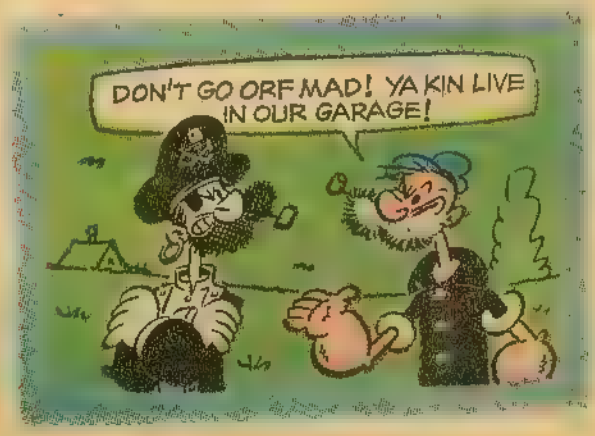
IF I YAM HIS GREAT-GRAN'SON, HE IS A GHOSK!
'AT'S RIGHT, SON!

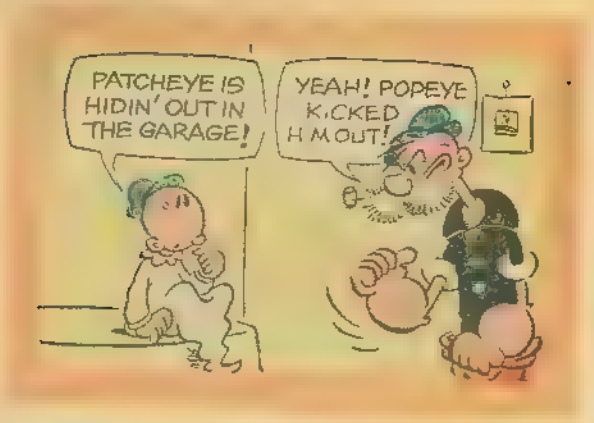
GIT OUT!
GO HAUNT SOME PLACE ELSE!
BAH!
YA RAISED A HARD-SHELLED MONSTER, LADDIE!
!

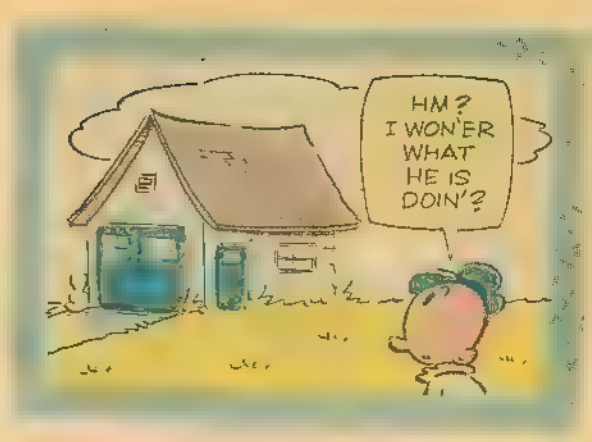
UGH!! I WILL NOT STAY WHERE I IS NOT WANTED!


NOW YA HAS DONE IT! YA HAS HURT HIS FEELINGS!


YO-HO! PHOOEY TO RELATIVES!
AHOY! PATCHEYE! WAIT A MINUTE!
THUMP!


DON'T GO ORF MAD! YA KIN LIVE IN OUR GARAGE!


PATCHEYE IS HIDIN' OUT IN THE GARAGE!
YEAH! POPEYE KICKED H M OUT!

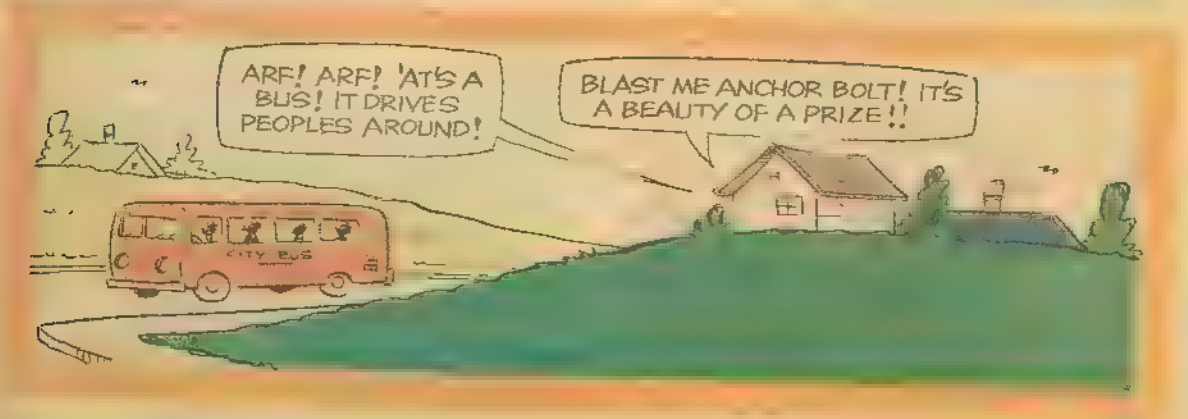

HM? I WON'ER WHAT HE IS DOIN'?

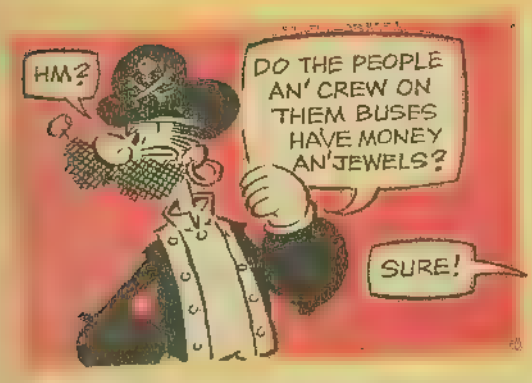
A SPY-GLASS?

PSS-T! AVAST, YA SWAB... COME IN HERE!
?

WHAT MANNER OF DRY LAND SHIPS IS THOSE ?
HUH?

OUT THERE! AVAST, THERE GOES ANOTHER OF THE CRAFT!
?


ARF! ARF! 'AT'S A BUS! IT DRIVES PEOPLES AROUND!
BLAST ME ANCHOR BOLT! IT'S A BEAUTY OF A PRIZE!!
CITY BUS

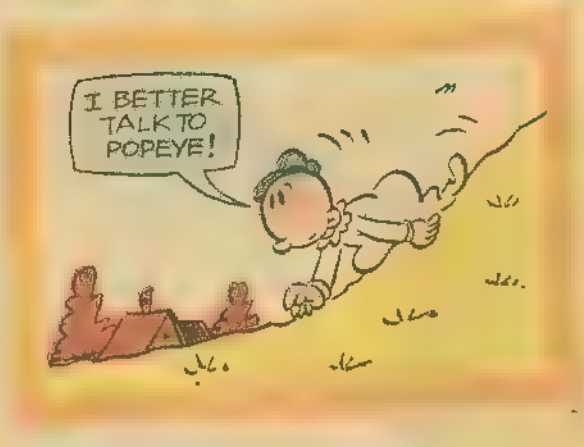

HM?
DO THE PEOPLE AN' CREW ON THEM BUSES HAVE MONEY AN' JEWELS?
SURE!

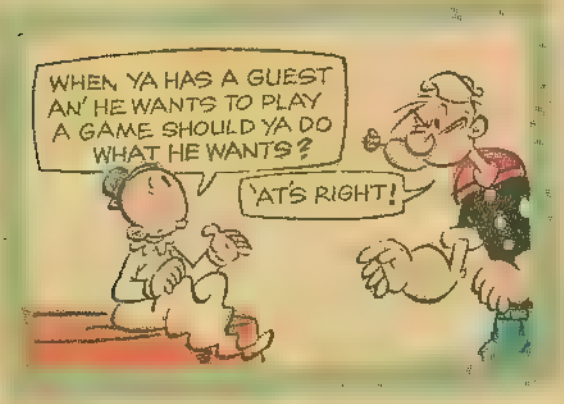
BY THUNDER! DASH MY TIMBERS! THEY IS MADE FER BOARDIN' AN' LOOTIN'!
BUT...

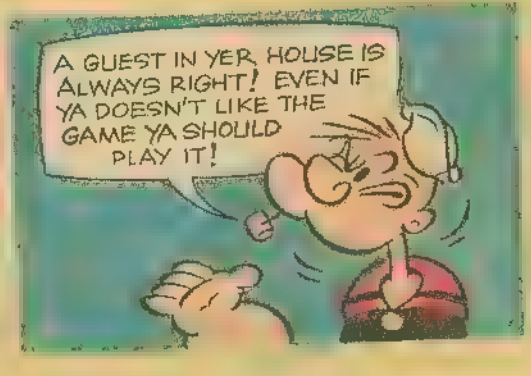
THAT WOULD BE PIRACY ON THE HIGHWAYS!!

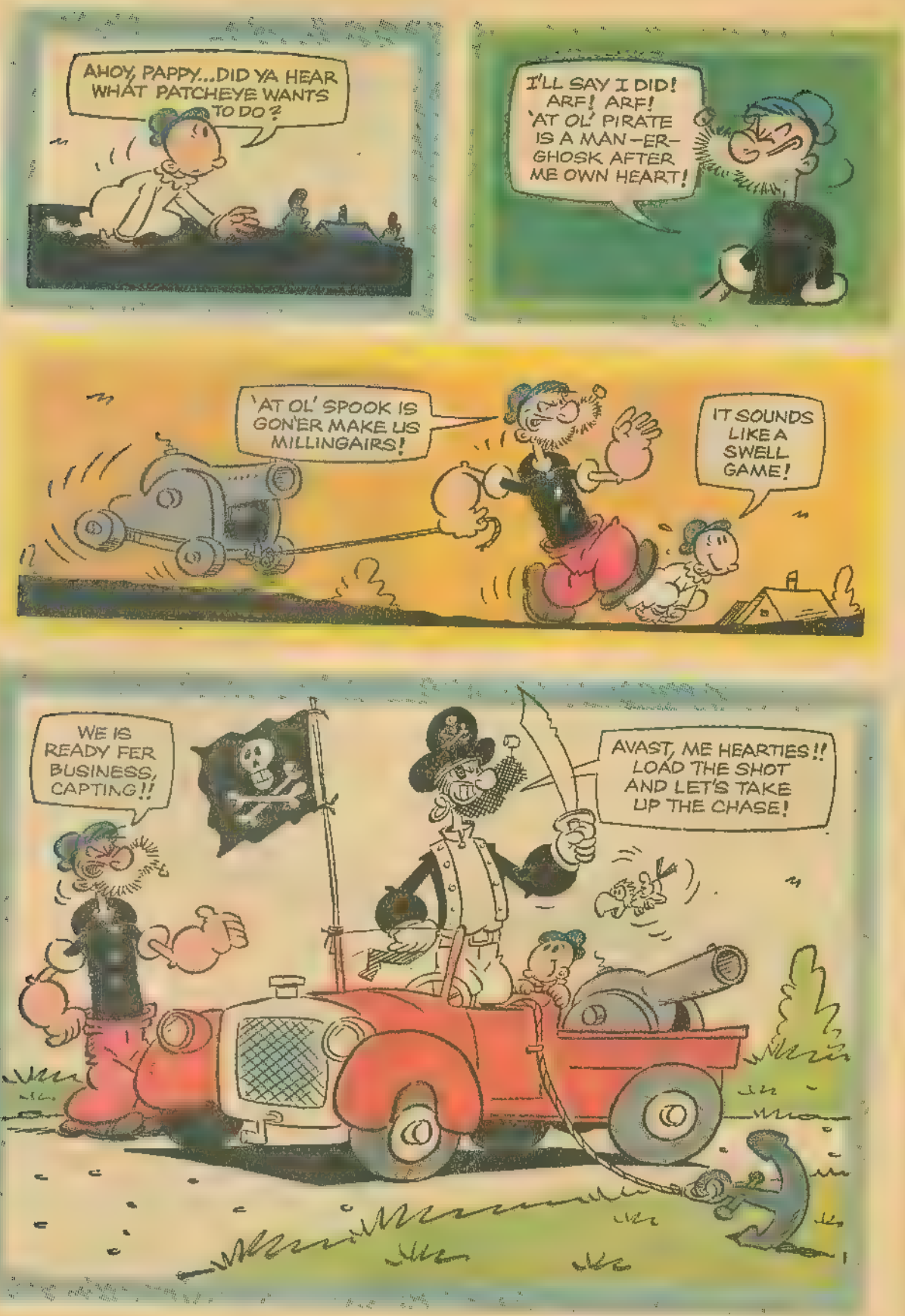
SUFFERIN' SEA SERPENTS!! YA DOESN'T EXPECT ME TO SIT AROUND AN' DO NOTHIN'?

I YAM AN UNGOOD DOG OF A PIRATE! I GOT ME WORK TO DO AN' I DOES IT!

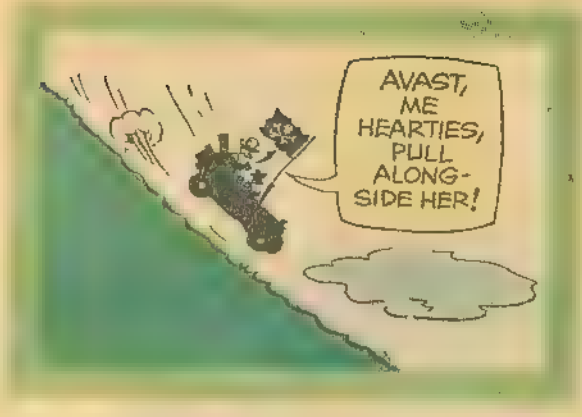

I BETTER TALK TO POPEYE!


WHEN YA HAS A GUEST AN' HE WANTS TO PLAY A GAME SHOULD YA DO WHAT HE WANTS?
'AT'S RIGHT!

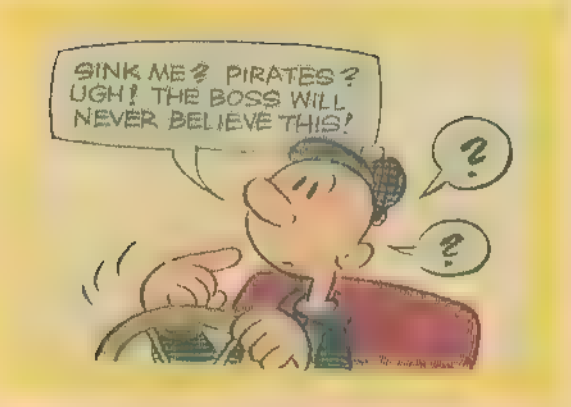

A GUEST IN YER HOUSE IS ALWAYS RIGHT! EVEN IF YA DOESN'T LIKE THE GAME YA SHOULD PLAY IT!

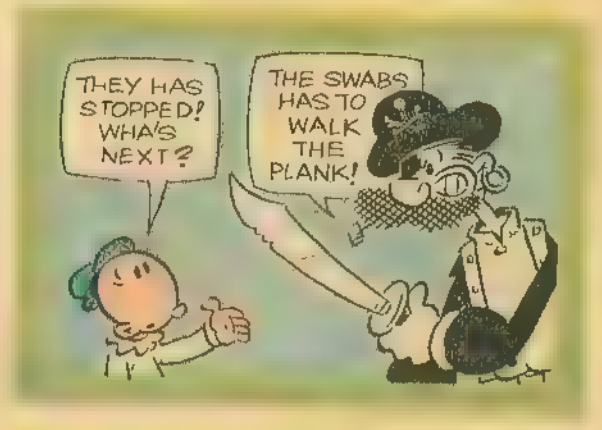

AHOY, PAPPY...DID YA HEAR WHAT PATCHEYE WANTS TO DO?
I'LL SAY I DID! ARF! ARF! 'AT OL' PIRATE IS A MAN-ER-GHOSK AFTER ME OWN HEART!
'AT OL' SPOOK IS GON'ER MAKE US MILLINGAIRS!
IT SOUNDS LIKE A SWELL GAME!
WE IS READY FER BUSINESS, CAPTING!!
AVAST, ME HEARTIES!! LOAD THE SHOT AND LET'S TAKE UP THE CHASE!

HEAD FER THE OPEN COUNTRY!
THERE'S THE HIGHWAY, PATCHEYE! THE BUSES RUN ALONG IT!
HERE COMES THE BUS!
THROW A SHOT ACROSS HER BOW... WHEN SHE DROPS ANCHOR WE'LL BOARD HER!
FIRE!
BOOM!
WHA--TH--?? SOME NUT IS SHOOTING A CANNON AT US!
CITY BUS
THUD


AVAST, ME HEARTIES, PULL ALONG-SIDE HER!

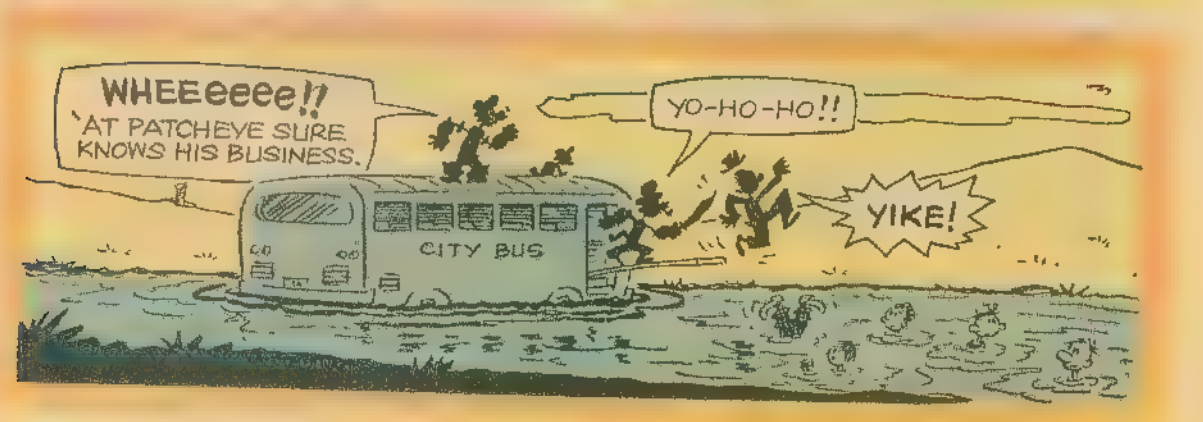
STOP OR WE'LL SINK YA!


SINK ME? PIRATES? UGH! THE BOSS WILL NEVER BELIEVE THIS!
?
?


THEY HAS STOPPED! WHA'S NEXT?
THE SWABS HAS TO WALK THE PLANK!

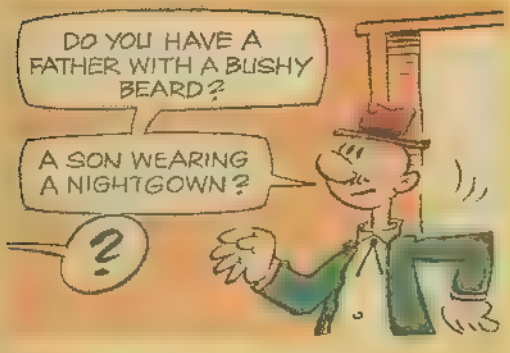
YA HAS TO HAVE WATER TO HAVE YER VICTIMS WALK THE PLANK!

THEY'S A RIVER DOWN THE ROAD!
SAIL THE PRIZE TO IT!

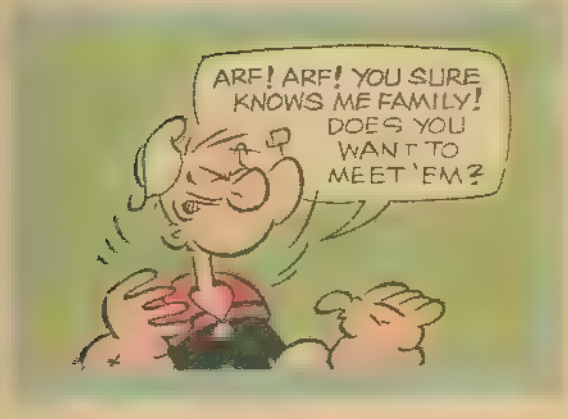

WHEEeeee!! 'AT PATCHEYE SURE KNOWS HIS BUSINESS.
YO-HO-HO!!
YIKE!
CITY BUS

HM? I WON'ER WHERE PAPPY AN' SWEE'PEA WENT?

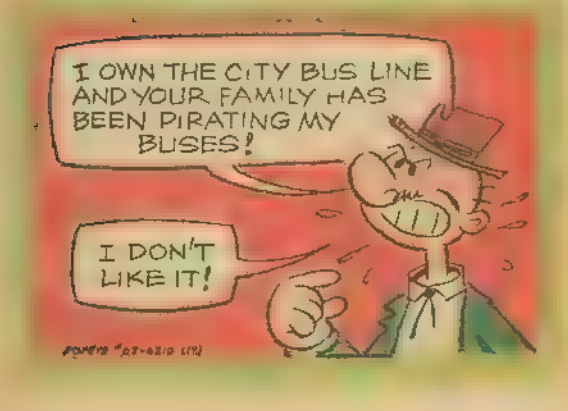
COME IN!
KNOCK
KNOCK

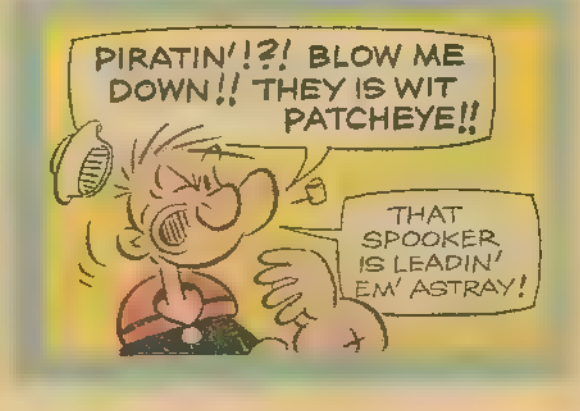

DO YOU HAVE A FATHER WITH A BUSHY BEARD?
A SON WEARING A NIGHTGOWN?
?

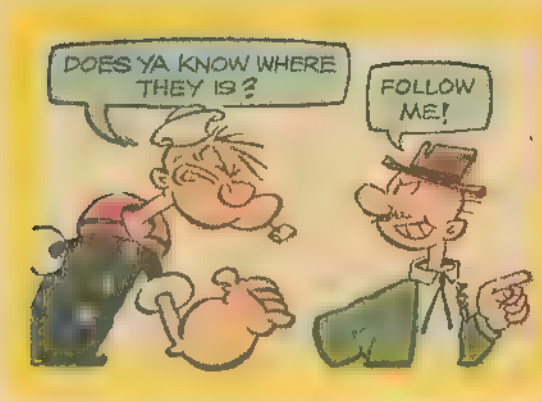
—AND A DIRTY OLD PIRATE FOR A GREAT-GREAT GRANDFATHER?

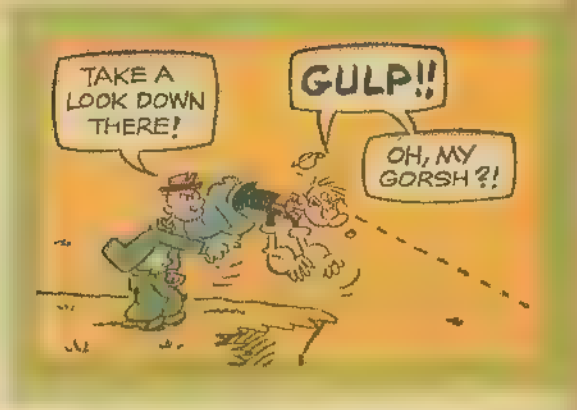

ARF! ARF! YOU SURE KNOWS ME FAMILY! DOES YOU WANT TO MEET 'EM?

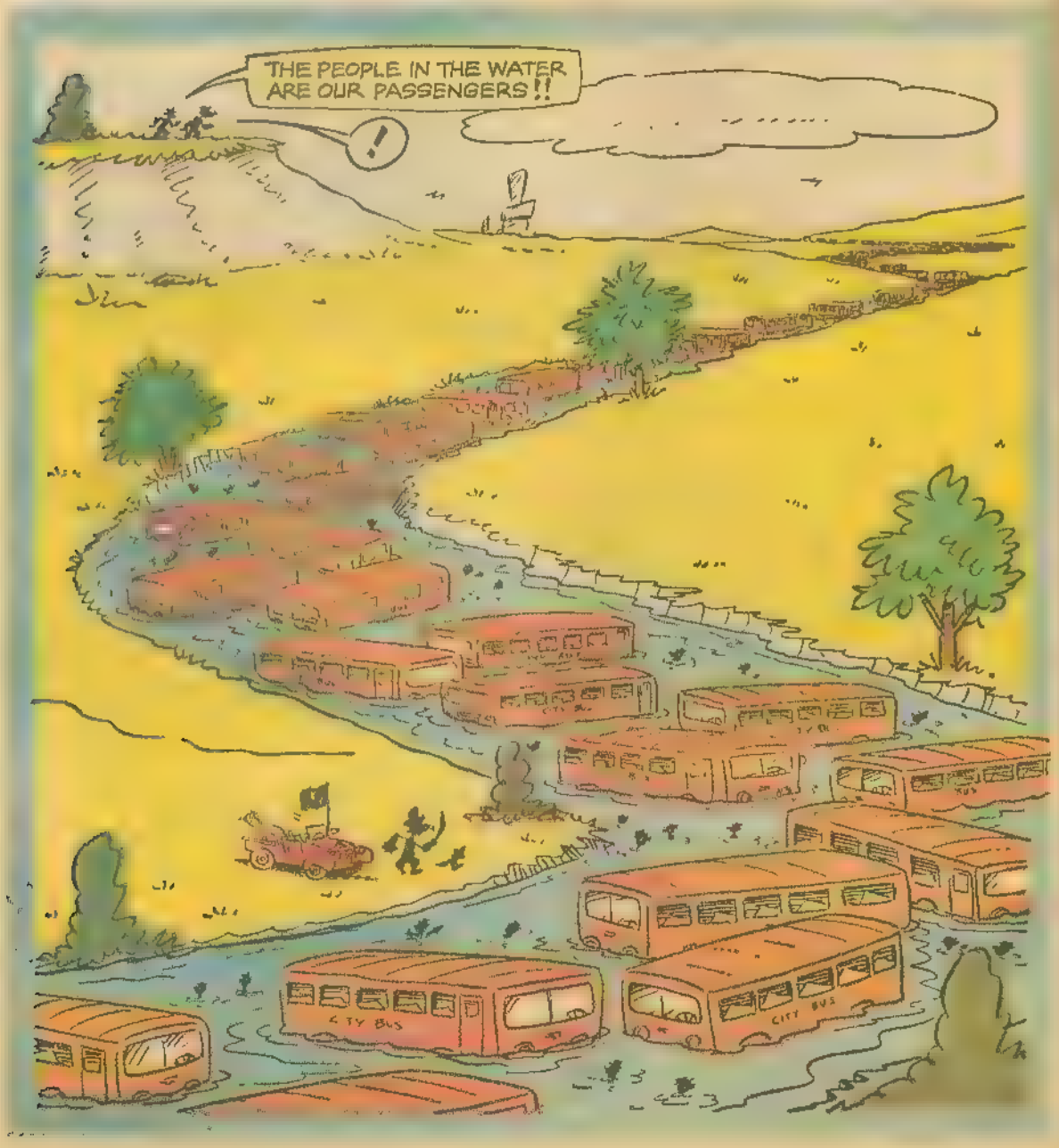
I'VE MET THEM--- AND I HATE THEM!
?

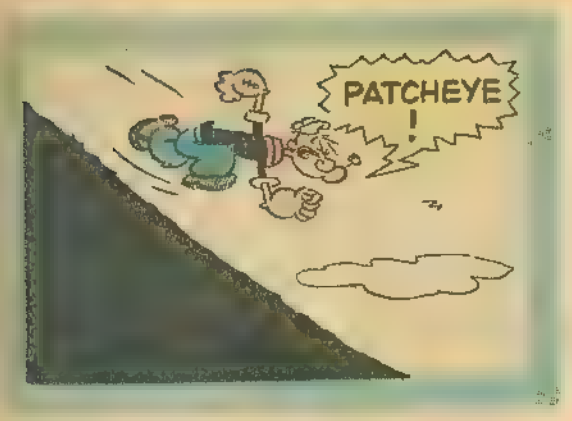

I OWN THE CITY BUS LINE AND YOUR FAMILY HAS BEEN PIRATING MY BUSES!
I DON'T LIKE IT!

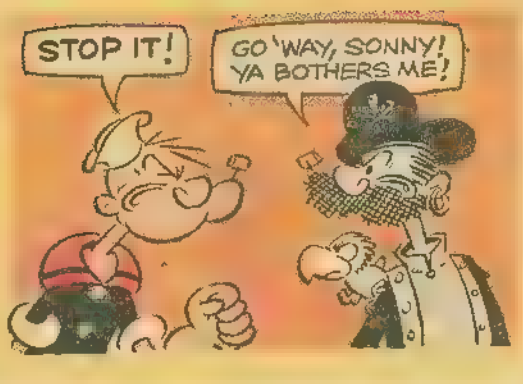

PIRATIN'!?! BLOW ME DOWN!! THEY IS WIT PATCHEYE!!
THAT SPOOKER IS LEADIN' EM' ASTRAY!


DOES YA KNOW WHERE THEY IS?
FOLLOW ME!

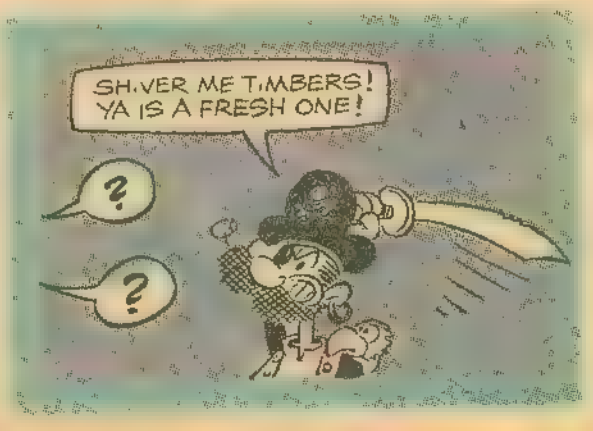

TAKE A LOOK DOWN THERE!
GULP!!
OH, MY GORSH?!

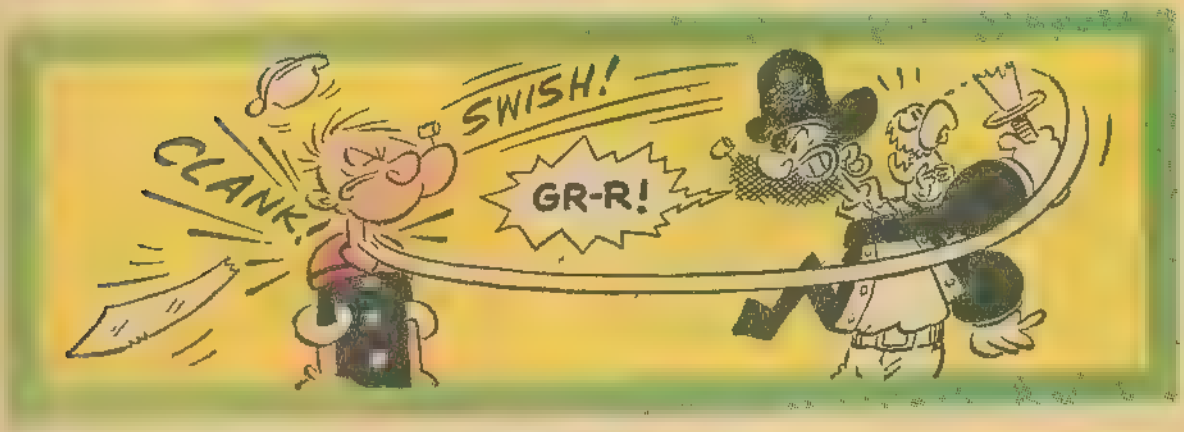

THE PEOPLE IN THE WATER ARE OUR PASSENGERS!!
!
CITY BUS
CITY BUS
CITY BUS

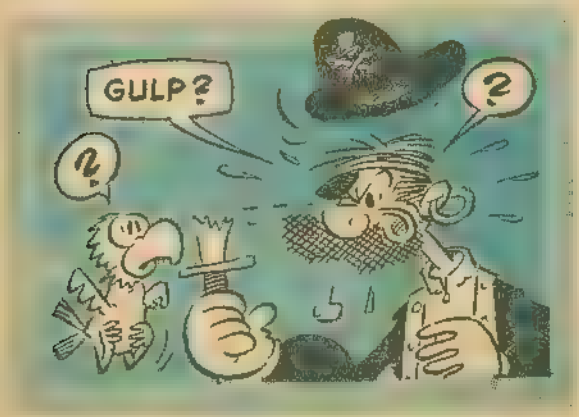

PATCHEYE!


STOP IT!
GO 'WAY, SONNY! YA BOTHERS ME!

GIT BACK IN YER TREASURE CHEST OR I'LL BLAST YA!
HM?


SHIVER ME TIMBERS! YA IS A FRESH ONE!
?
?


SWISH!
CLANK!
GR-R!


GULP?
?
?

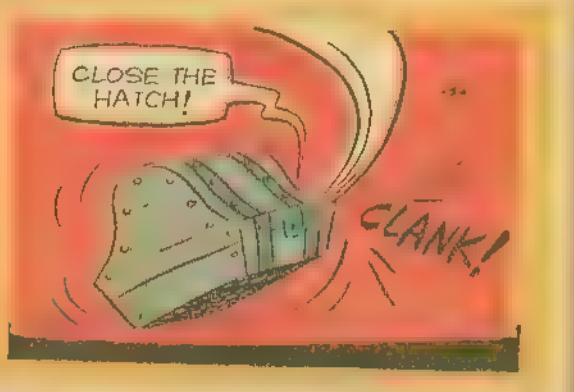
YA HAS ASKED FER IT!
?

WHA—WHAT'S THAT STUFF?
POP!

IT'S SPINACH!
NO!
NO!
NO!
NO!
NO!
NO!
NO!
NO!

WHA-TH? BLOW ME DOWN!
?
HE IS TURNIN' BACK INTO SMOKE!
GIT IT AWAY!

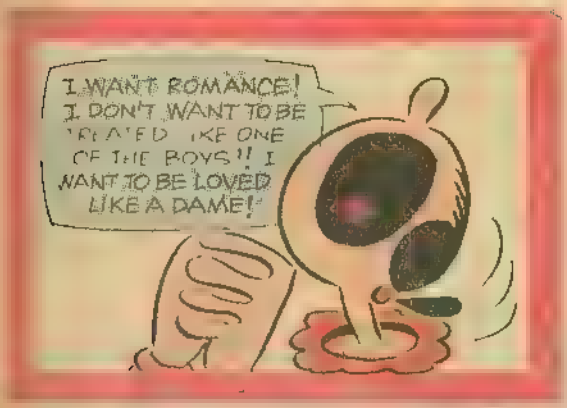
BACK TO THE CHEST, MATEY!
NO GHOST CAN STAND SPINACH!
?
AWK!


CLOSE THE HATCH!
CLANK!

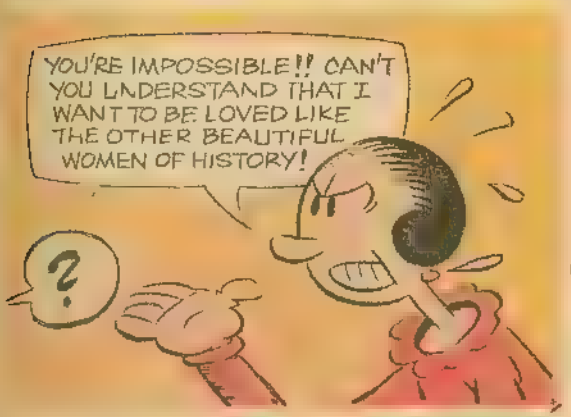
ARF! ARF! I FERGOT THAT GHOSTS IS ALLERGIC TO THE GREEN WEED!

PAPPY! SWEE'PEA!! IT IS NOW YER TURN!! COME HERE!!
GULP!
WE IS IN FER IT, PAPPY!

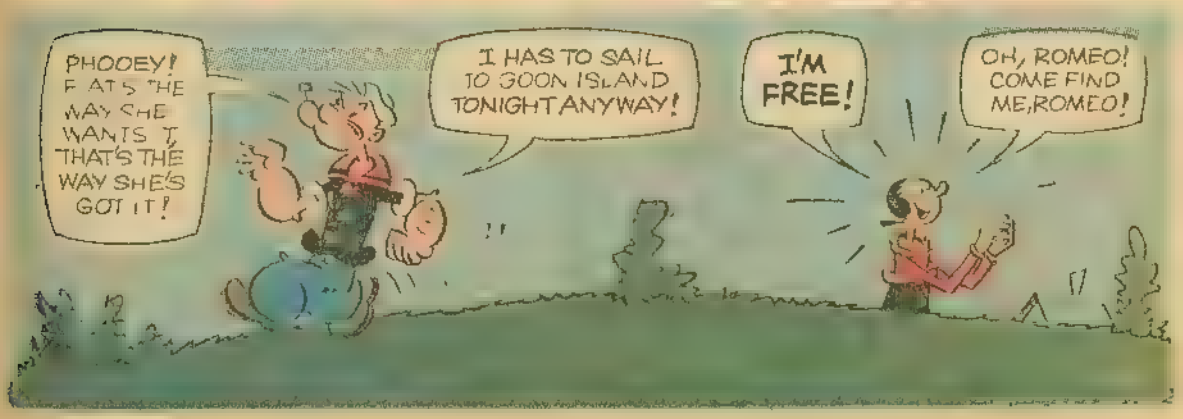
PHANTOM BOY FRIEND
BUT, OLIVE!! I DOES LOVE YA!
YA IS THE SALTS OF THE EARTH!
BAH!
YOU TREAT ME LIKE A FISHING PAL!


I WANT ROMANCE! I DON'T WANT TO BE TREATED LIKE ONE OF THE BOYS!! I WANT TO BE LOVED LIKE A DAME!

I GIVED YA A BOWLIN' BALL FER YER BIRTHDAY!
AND I WANTED A ROSE!


YOU'RE IMPOSSIBLE!! CAN'T YOU UNDERSTAND THAT I WANT TO BE LOVED LIKE THE OTHER BEAUTIFUL WOMEN OF HISTORY!
?

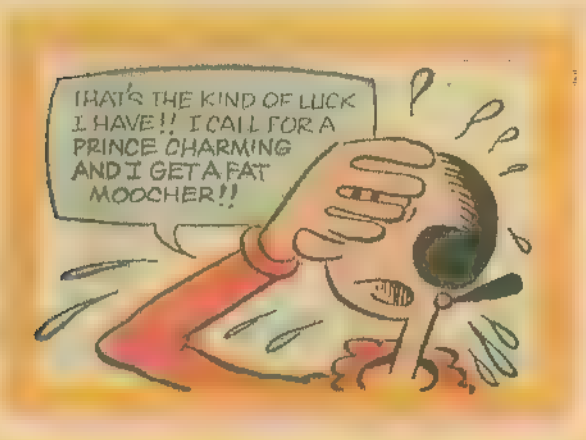
GO!
STAY AWAY FROM ME! GIVE ME A CHANCE TO MEET MY PRINCE CHARMING!


PHOOEY! THAT'S THE WAY SHE WANTS IT, THAT'S THE WAY SHE'S GOT IT!
I HAS TO SAIL TO GOON ISLAND TONIGHT ANYWAY!
I'M FREE!
OH, ROMEO! COME FIND ME, ROMEO!

HM? I WONDER WHAT'S THE BEST WAY TO FIND A NEW BOY FRIEND?
PERHAPS ADVERTISING IS THE BEST WAY!

YOO HOO!!
THIS BEAUTIFUL CREATURE IS LOOKING FOR A ROMEO!!

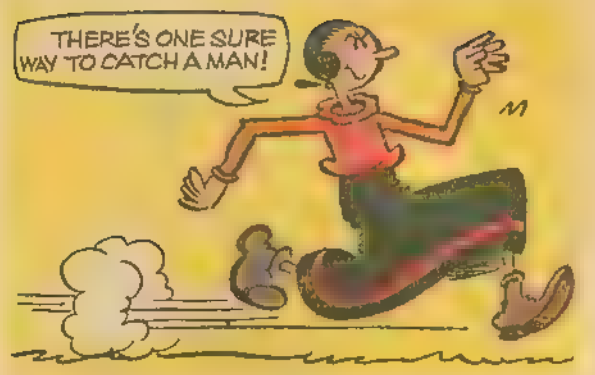
GREETINGS, MISS OYL... YOU WERE CALLING?
?
!
?
UGH!


THAT'S THE KIND OF LUCK I HAVE!! I CALL FOR A PRINCE CHARMING AND I GET A FAT MOOCHER!!

GET OUT OF HERE! LEAVE ME ALONE!! I DON'T KNOW YOU!

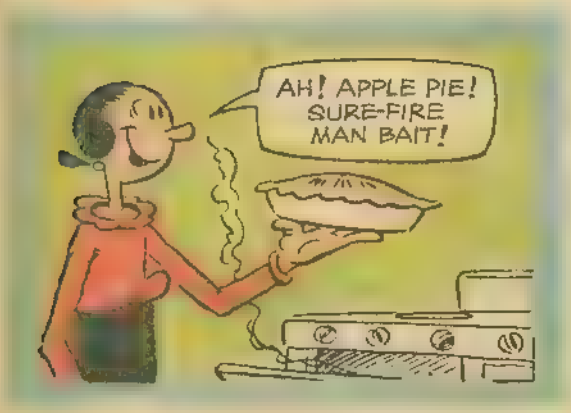
I KNOW WHAT I'LL DO...I'LL START OUT FRESH...I'LL GIVE UP ALL OF MY OLD FRIENDS!
I'LL ONLY SPEAK TO STRANGERS. I'LL RECRUIT MY NEW BOY FR END FROM THE WORLD OF THE UNKNOWN!

GOOD HEAVENS! HOW SILLY I AM!

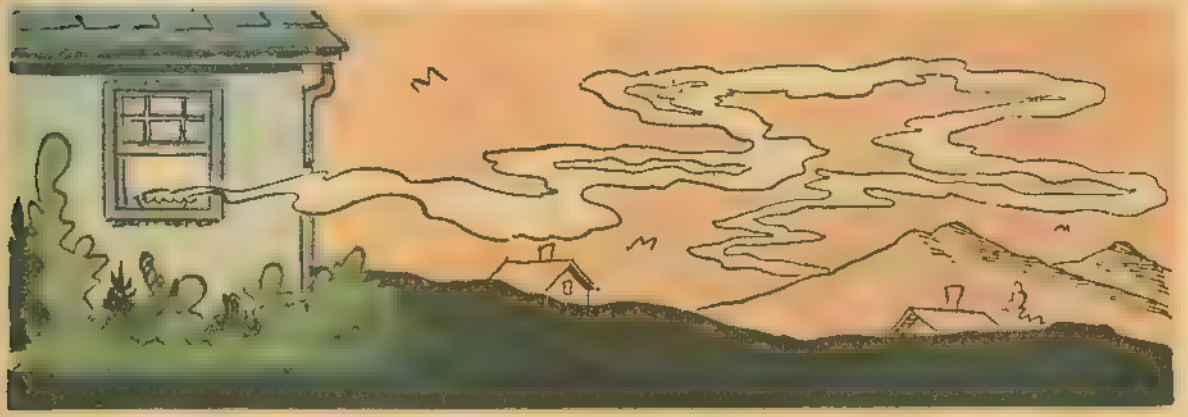

THERE'S ONE SURE WAY TO CATCH A MAN!

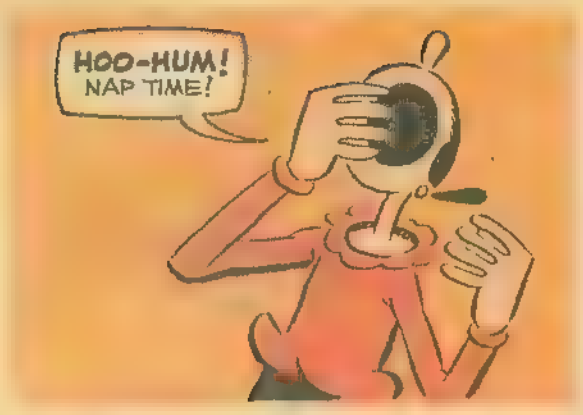
SLAM!
OLIVE OYL

FOOD IS THE ONE POSITIVE APPROACH!

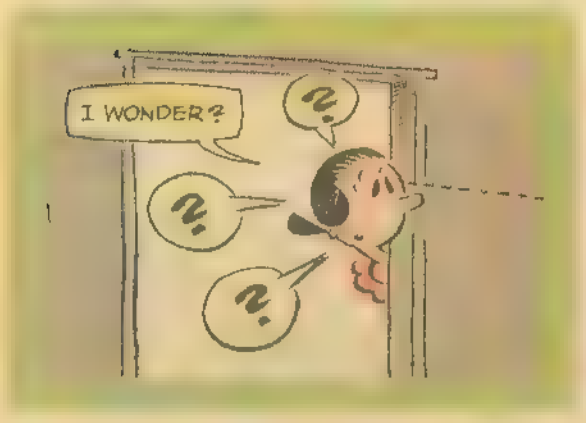

AH! APPLE PIE! SURE-FIRE MAN BAIT!

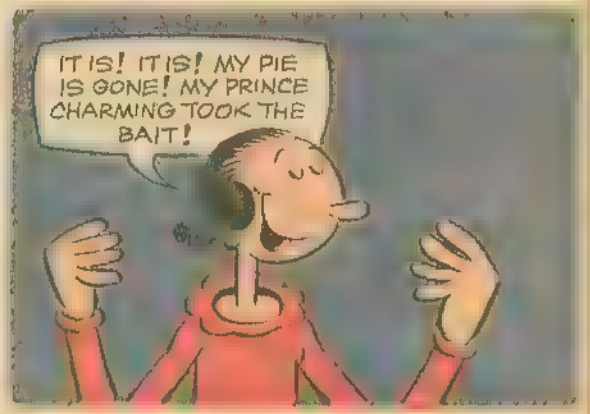
MY TRAP IS BAITED!

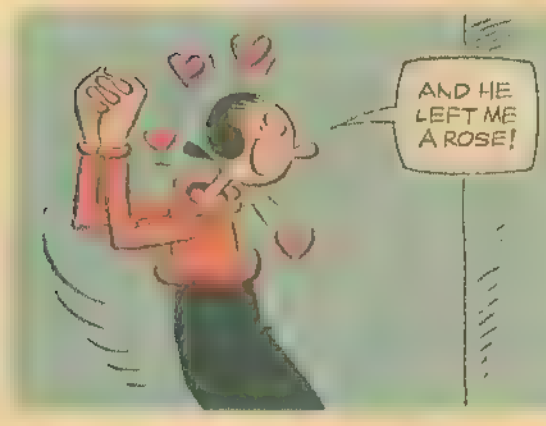


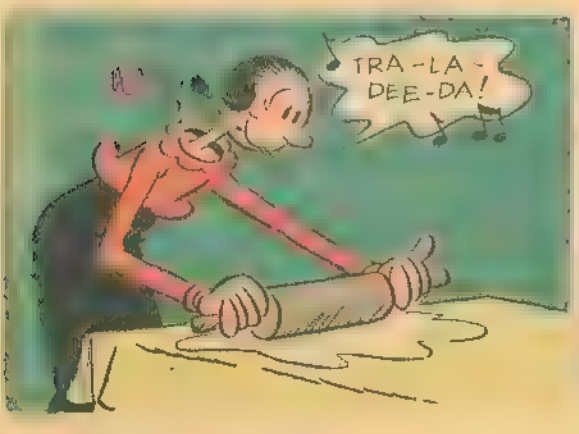

HOO-HUM!
NAP TIME!

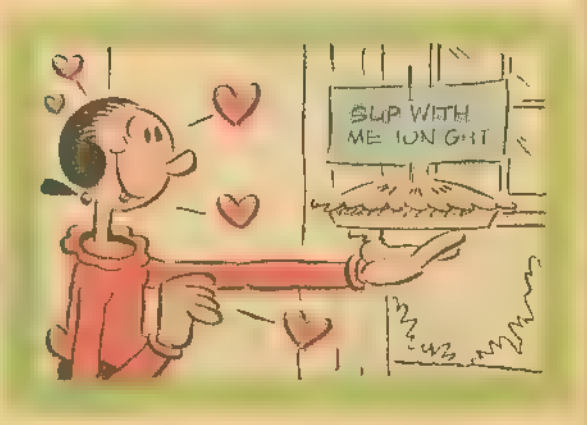
WHAT WAS THAT?
CLANK!

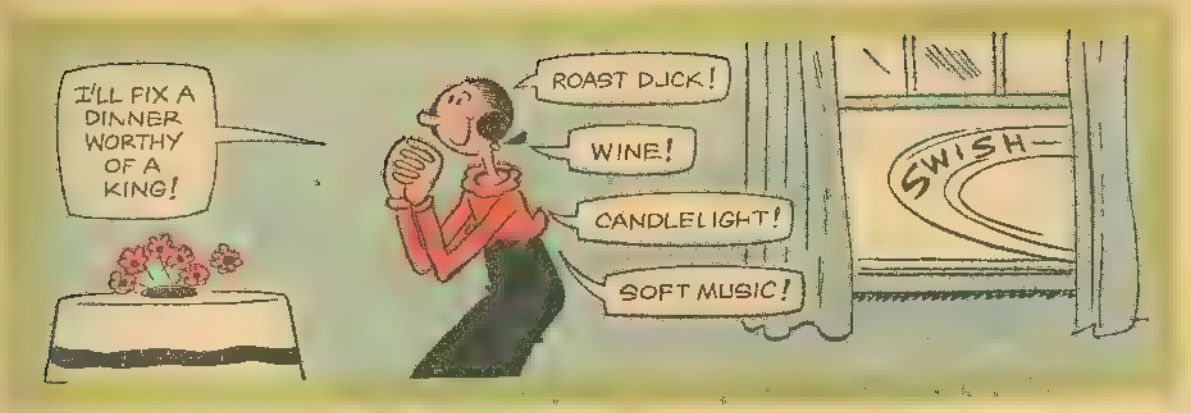

I WONDER?
?
?
?

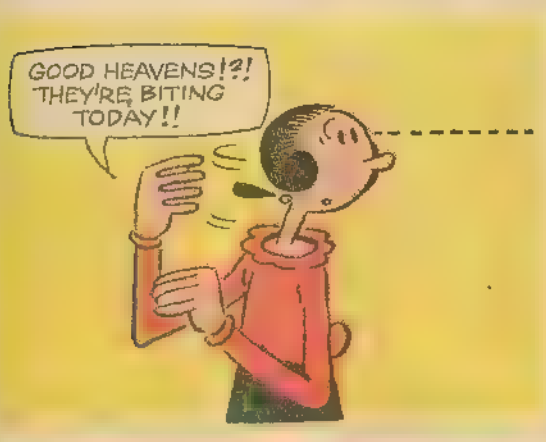

IT IS! IT IS! MY PIE IS GONE! MY PRINCE CHARMING TOOK THE BAIT!

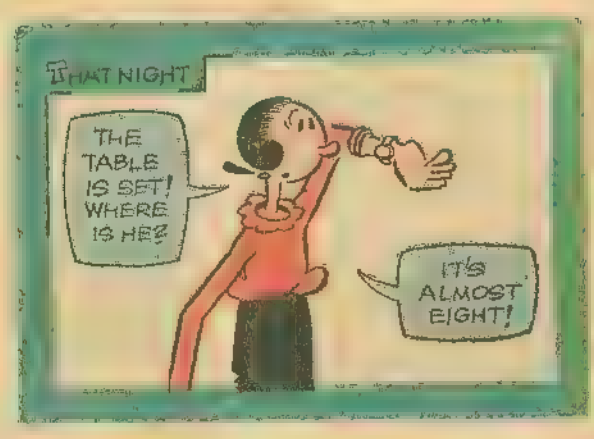

AND HE LEFT ME A ROSE!

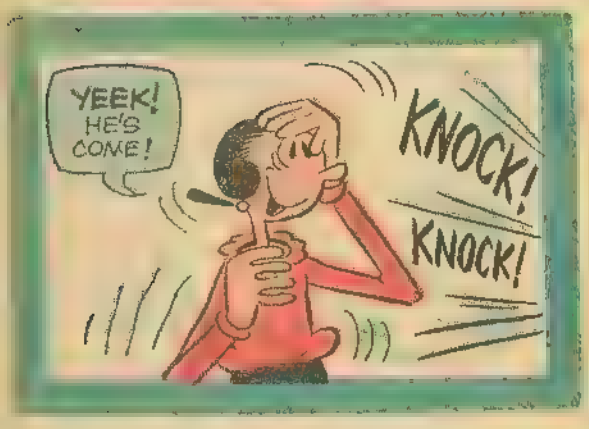

TRA-LA-DEE-DA!

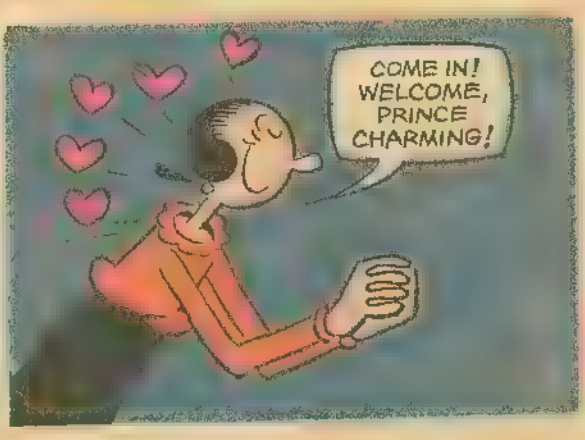

SUP WITH ME TONIGHT

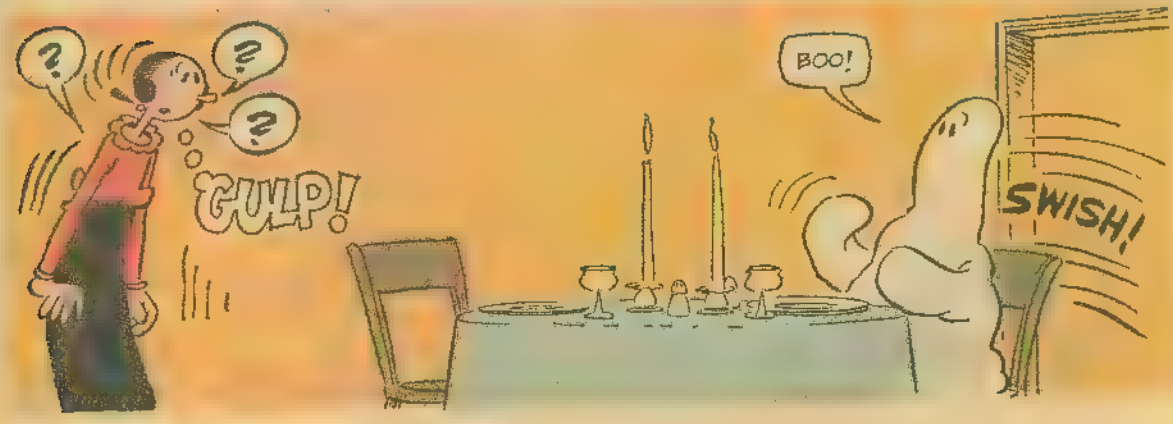

I'LL FIX A DINNER WORTHY OF A KING!
ROAST DUCK!
WINE!
CANDLELIGHT!
SOFT MUSIC!
SWISH


GOOD HEAVENS!?! THEY'RE BITING TODAY!!

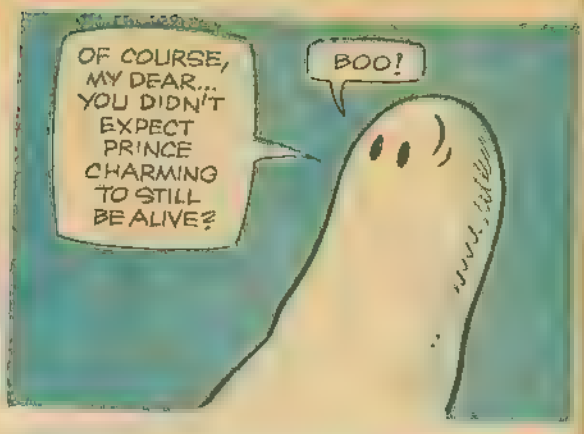

THAT NIGHT
THE TABLE IS SET! WHERE IS HE?
IT'S ALMOST EIGHT!


YEEK! HE'S COME!
KNOCK!
KNOCK!


COME IN! WELCOME, PRINCE CHARMING!


? ? ?
GULP!
BOO!
SWISH!

BUT-BUT-BUT...YOU'RE A GHOST?

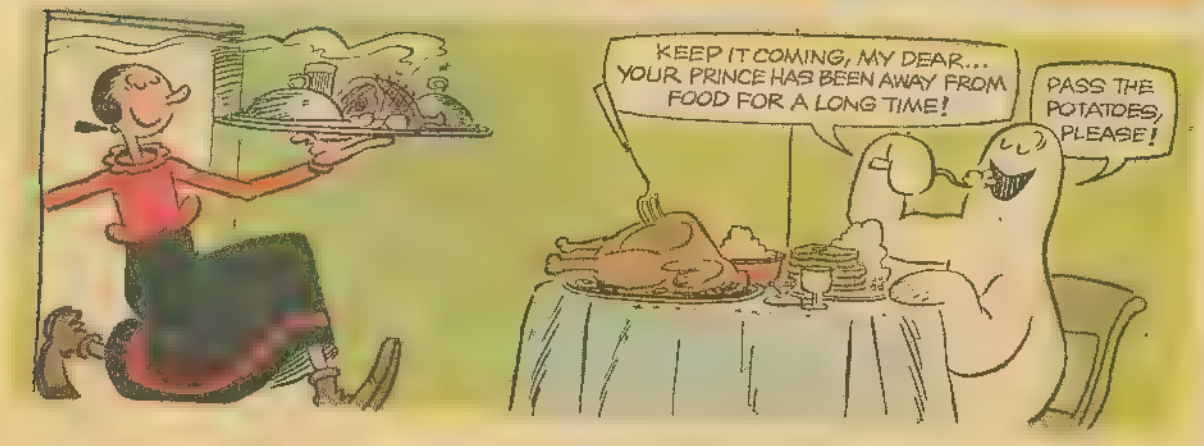

OF COURSE, MY DEAR... YOU DIDN'T EXPECT PRINCE CHARMING TO STILL BE ALIVE?
BOO!

?
?
YOU MEAN THAT YOU'RE THE SPIRIT OF THE REAL PRINCE CHARMING?

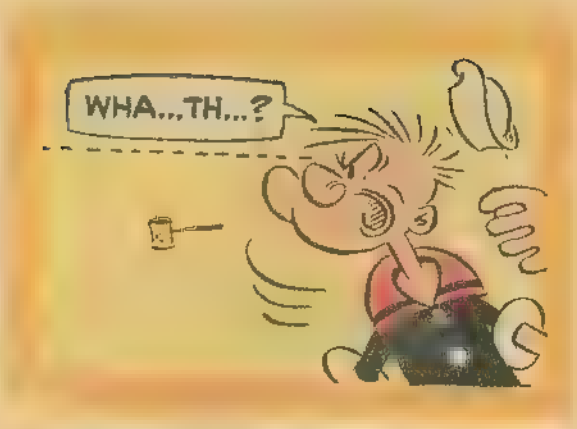
MY DEAR, YOU CALLED AND HERE I AM!

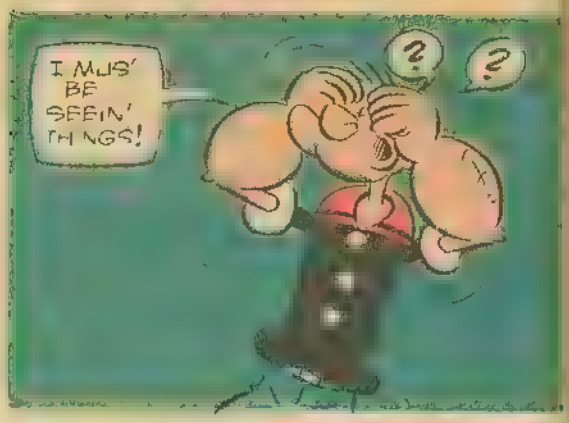
WHEEE! I'VE HIT THE JACKPOT!

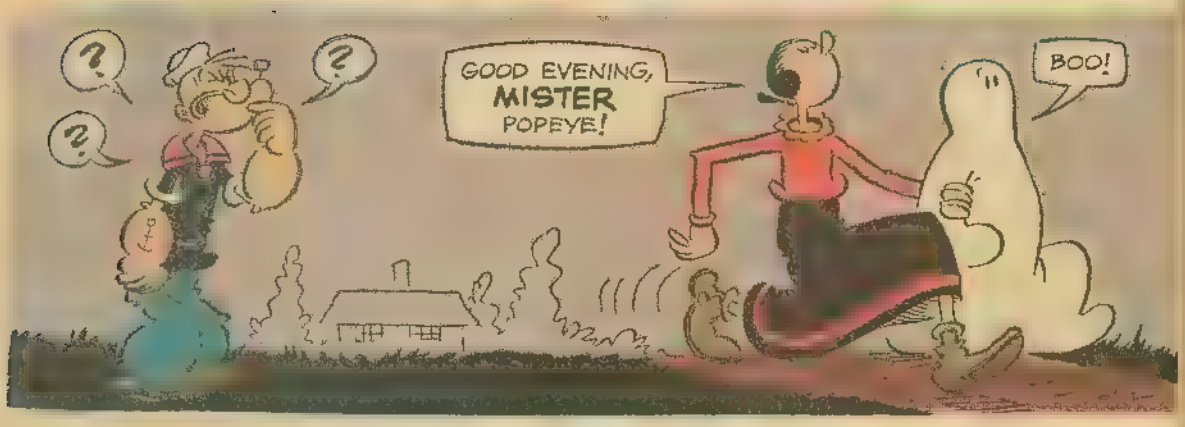
MY SWEET PRINCESS, HAVE YOU FORGOTTEN THAT I CAME TO SUP WITH YOU?
SHALL WE EAT?


KEEP IT COMING, MY DEAR... YOUR PRINCE HAS BEEN AWAY FROM FOOD FOR A LONG TIME!
PASS THE POTATOES, PLEASE!

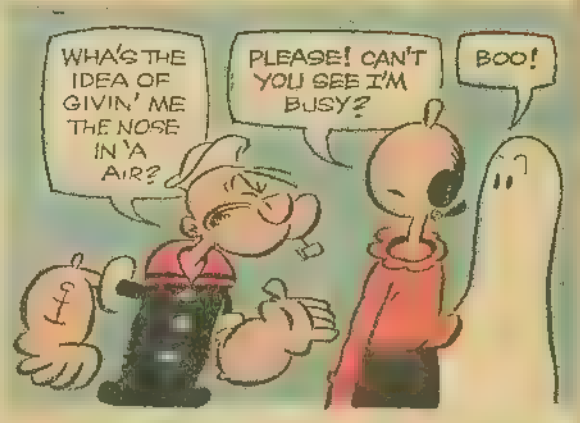
WHEN YOU'RE FINISHED CAN WE TAKE A WALK??
CERTAINLY, MY DEAR!
I WANT TO SHOW YOU OFF TO ALL OF MY FRIENDS!
I KNEW THEY'D BE KNOCKED OFF THEIR FEET WHEN THEY SAW ME WITH THE REAL PRINCE CHARMING!
BOO!
PLOP!


WHA...TH...?


I MUS' BE SEEIN' TH NGS!
?
?

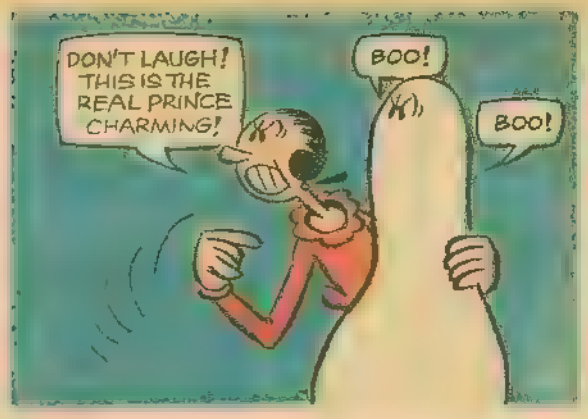

?
?
?
GOOD EVENING, MISTER POPEYE!
BOO!

AHOY, OLIVE!!
DROP YOUR BLAST D ANCHOR! I WANTS TO TALK TO YOU!


WHA'S THE IDEA OF GIVIN' ME THE NOSE IN 'A AIR?
PLEASE! CAN'T YOU SEE I'M BUSY?
BOO!

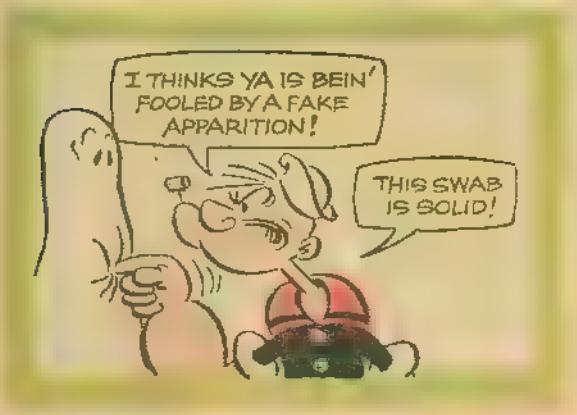
LISTING, YOU FRICKLE DAME! I DOESN'T LIKE TO GET HIGH-HATTED BY THE WOMING I YAM IN LOVE WITH!
LOOK, STUPID... I'VE GOT A NEW BOY-FRIEND! NOW SCRAM!
BOO!

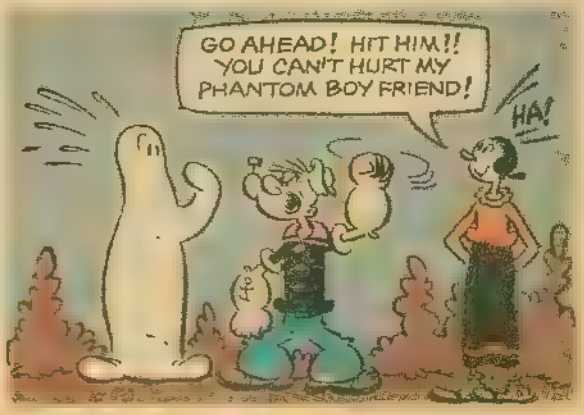
NEW BOY FRIEND! WHEEEEee!! ARF!! ARF!! IS A SPOOK THE BES' YA KIN DO?

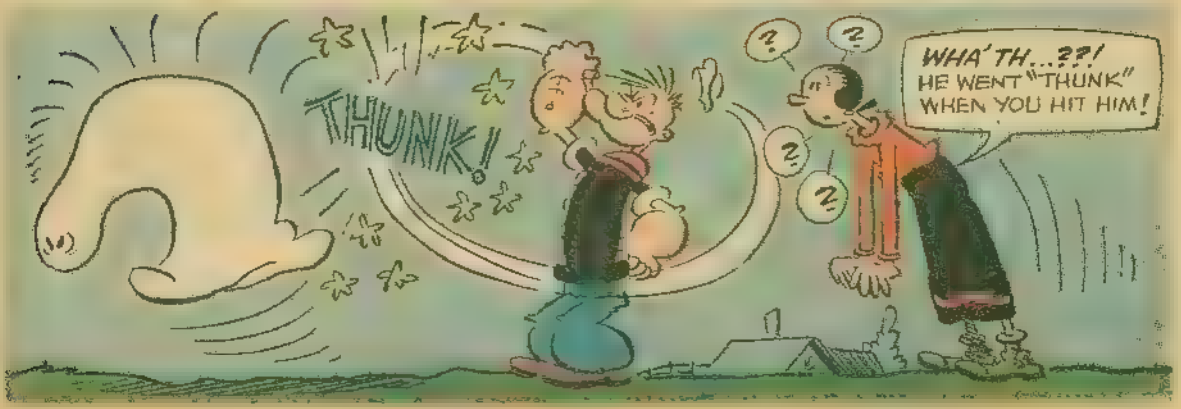

DON'T LAUGH! THIS IS THE REAL PRINCE CHARMING!
BOO!
BOO!

I'LL HAVE YOU KNOW THAT HE LIKES MY COOKING! HE SAYS I LOOK LIKE A QUEEN!

BLOW ME DOWN, OLIVE!! GHOSKS DON'T EAT! THEY IS JUST AIR!
BOO!
?
?


I THINKS YA IS BEIN' FOOLED BY A FAKE APPARITION!
THIS SWAB IS SOLID!

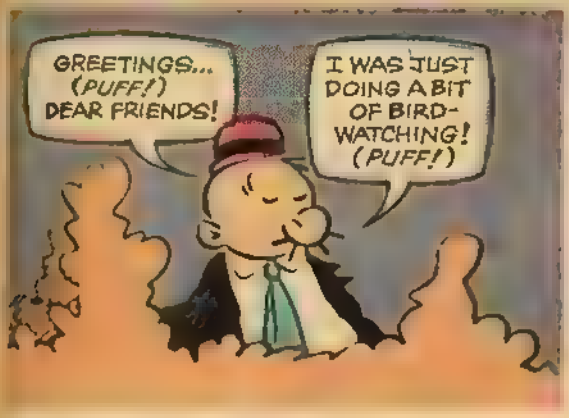

GO AHEAD! HIT HIM!! YOU CAN'T HURT MY PHANTOM BOY FRIEND!
HA!

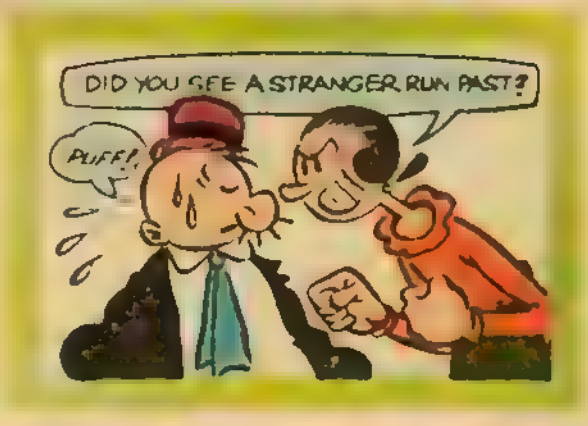

THUNK!
?
?
?
?
WHA' TH...?!? HE WENT "THUNK" WHEN YOU HIT HIM!

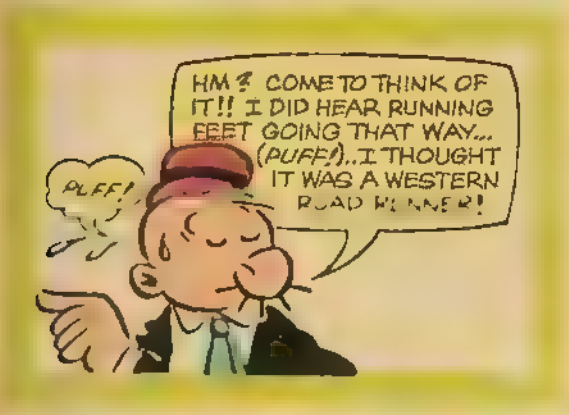
ARF! ARF! YER PRINCE CHARMIN' IS NOTHIN' BUT A FAKE SPOOK UNDER A BED SHEET!
!
?
?
COME BACK HERE!
I'LL KILL HIM!
ARF! ARF!
DID YA CATCH YER PRINCE CHARMING, OLIVE?
ONLY THE OUTER LAYER!

WHEN I FIND OUT WHO IT WAS I'LL KILL HIM!

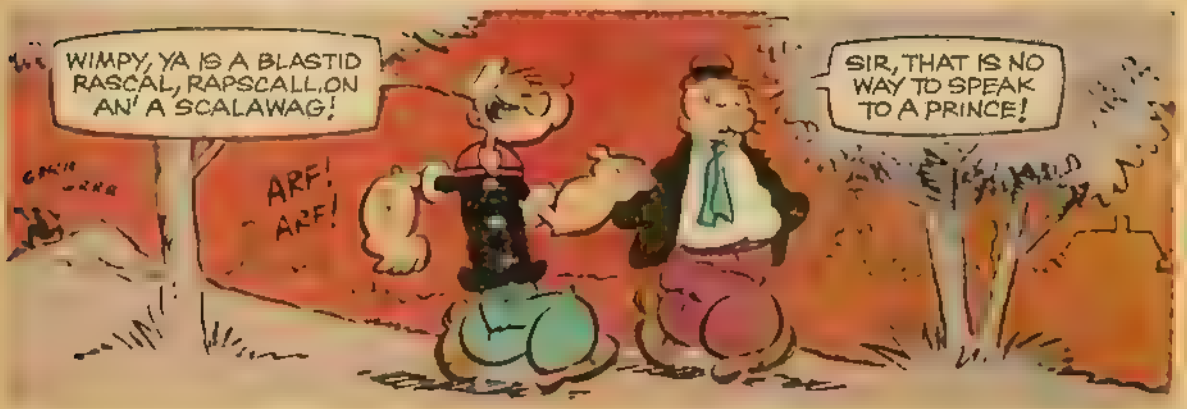
THERE'S SOMEONE HIDING IN THOSE BUSHES!


GREETINGS... (PUFF!) DEAR FRIENDS!
I WAS JUST DOING A BIT OF BIRD-WATCHING! (PUFF!)


DID YOU SEE A STRANGER RUN PAST?
PUFF!


HM? COME TO THINK OF IT!! I DID HEAR RUNNING FEET GOING THAT WAY... (PUFF!)..I THOUGHT IT WAS A WESTERN ROAD RUNNER!
PUFF!

I'LL GET HIM IF IT TAKES THE REST OF MY LIFE!
PUFF!


WIMPY, YA IS A BLASTID RASCAL, RAPSCALLION AN' A SCALAWAG!
ARF! ARF!
SIR, THAT IS NO WAY TO SPEAK TO A PRINCE!

Inside the old house they stood and looked around. Plaster was falling down in places. The floor sagged and there was a hole in the roof where the rain came through.

"Yes sir," said Uncle Elmo. "I bet ghosts live here. They don't pay rent, you know. They can live anywhere they want to."

"How do you know for sure," asked John Hardy, his nephew, "where ghosts live?"

"Sometimes you can tell by listening."

"You mean you *believe* in ghosts?"

"The evidence I found would be hard to refute." Uncle Elmo held up his finger. "Listen. I think I hear them."

They listened. Rattling noises sounded behind them. They were coming closer and closer—

John looked behind him—and laughed. The ghosts were two little baby raccoons. They scampered away and disappeared through a hole that led under the house.

"I told you there weren't any ghosts," John said.

Uncle Elmo shook his head sadly. "Poor ghosts. It makes them very unhappy when people don't believe in them. Do you know what week this is?"

"What week is it?"

"Be-Kind-to-Ghosts week."

"Who says so?"

"The President of the *Worldwide Friends of the Ghosts* Society."

"Who's the president?"

"I am," Uncle Elmo said modestly. "It was an honor accorded me because of my scientific research on the subject of ghosts."

"Uncle Elmo," John said smiling, "let's sit down on the steps of *this* haunted house and you tell me about it."

John's Uncle Elmo was a world-famous traveler and explorer. He had strange stories to tell. He was always trying to fool John by making the stories wilder than they really were. John was always trying to catch him in a fib.

"You used the scientific method, I'm sure," John said, "in researching your ghosts."

"Oh yes indeed," Uncle Elmo said. "You've heard of the famous American scientist, Michael Faraday, haven't you?"

John had a hard time to hide his smile. "Yes, I've heard of Michael Faraday," he said. "He discovered magnetic induction leading to the invention of the electric motor."

Uncle Elmo nodded. "In his studies of the flow of electrical currents, he constructed something scientists call a Faraday Cage. Well, in my studies of how to materialize a ghost—to make it visible, you know—I constructed an Elmo Cage—"

"You mean you set it up in a haunted house to catch a ghost?"

"Yes. A man with a red beard had murdered an opera singer in the house. The house was a kind of old castle in a swamp—I think in England they call it a moor. Anyhow, nobody would go near the place. It had been haunted for 40 years when I decided to spend the night there.

"At midnight under a full moon was when the ghosts walked—I mean ran. The

man with the red beard chased the opera singer all around the house with a butcher knife, so now everybody said that's what the ghosts did, reenacting the crime.

"I was waiting at midnight under the old piano to see if it was true or not."

"Was it?"

"No. You can't believe all you hear about ghosts. Nobody chased anybody with a butcher knife. At the stroke of midnight the grand piano started playing. I was under it, remember. The sound nearly broke my ear drums."

"Gosh! who was playing it?"

"That was the strange part. Nobody."

"It played by itself?"

"I didn't see anybody playing it. So I got out my Elmo Cage. I had a theory, you see, that the reason we can't see ghosts is because of the cosmic rays. Cosmic rays falling on the earth make ghosts invisible, so I screened them out."

"Did it work?"

"John," his uncle said in an awed voice, "you'll hesitate to believe this: I caught the ghosts of Napoleon and Cleopatra."

"You did!" John gasped.

"Yep. Old Nap was playing the piano, and Cleo was singing for him."

"Didn't they mind being caught in the Elmo Cage?"

"I don't believe they even knew they were in it. The Elmo Cage didn't have bars, you see. It would be hard to explain unless I used some formulas of higher mathematics. But maybe you can understand if I tell you it had something to do with the coordination of the electro-magnetic fields that shield out the cosmic rays."

"Hmm . . . well, I'll take your word for it. Anyway, what you mean is that ghosts always could see us, but we couldn't see them—not until you invented the Elmo Cage."

"That's right."

"You had no trouble identifying them?"

"No trouble at all. Napoleon was dressed the way he was when he fought General Waterloo at Wellington. And Cleopatra was as pretty as Napoleon wrote in his journal, when he was alive long ago."

John's eyes were bright with suppressed laughter. Suddenly he couldn't hold it back any longer. He laughed so hard he rolled off the porch of the haunted house.

"Uncle Elmo," he said, "now I know you've been making every bit of this story up. There's not a word of truth in it."

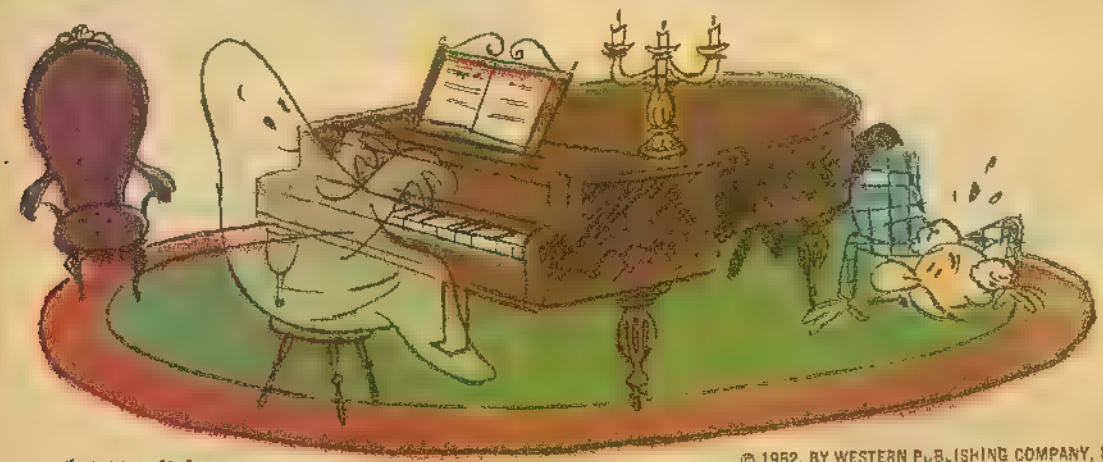
"Why, John, what makes you say that?"

"Because you said Napoleon fought General Waterloo at Wellington. It was the other way around. He fought Wellington at Waterloo."

"Well now, John, you wouldn't hold a slip of the tongue against me—"

"That's not the only thing. Cleopatra was the Queen of Egypt back in B.C. times, 1700 years before Napoleon was even born. So how could they have met when they were alive? And one more thing—Michael Faraday wasn't an American scientist. He was an English scientist."

Uncle Elmo sighed. "It's getting so a dishonest man doesn't have the ghost of a chance with you, John."

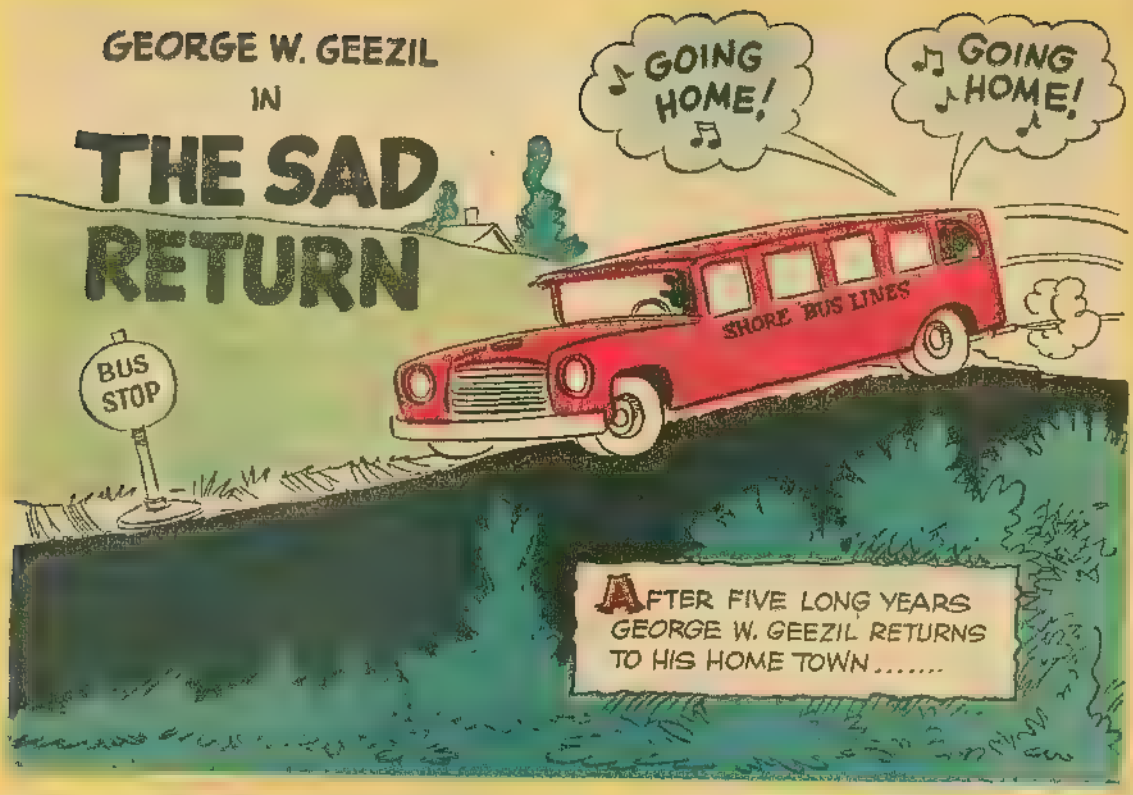


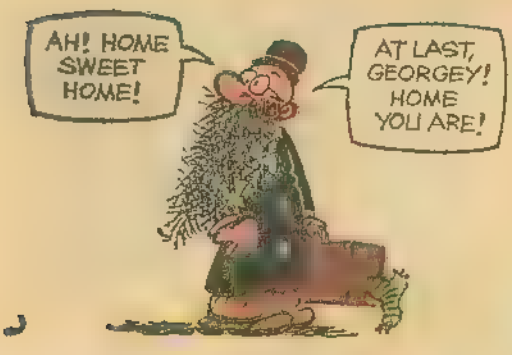
© 1962, BY WESTERN PUBLISHING COMPANY, INC.

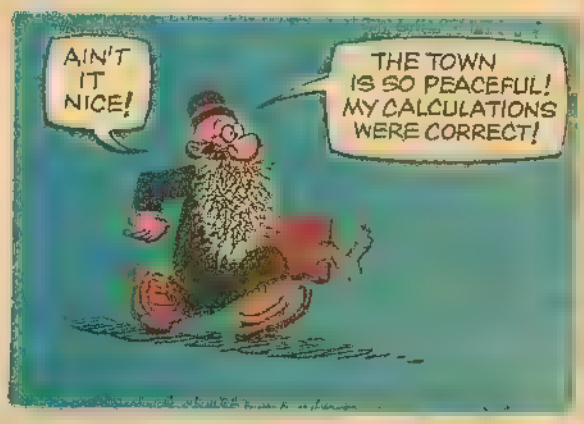
GEORGE W. GEEZIL

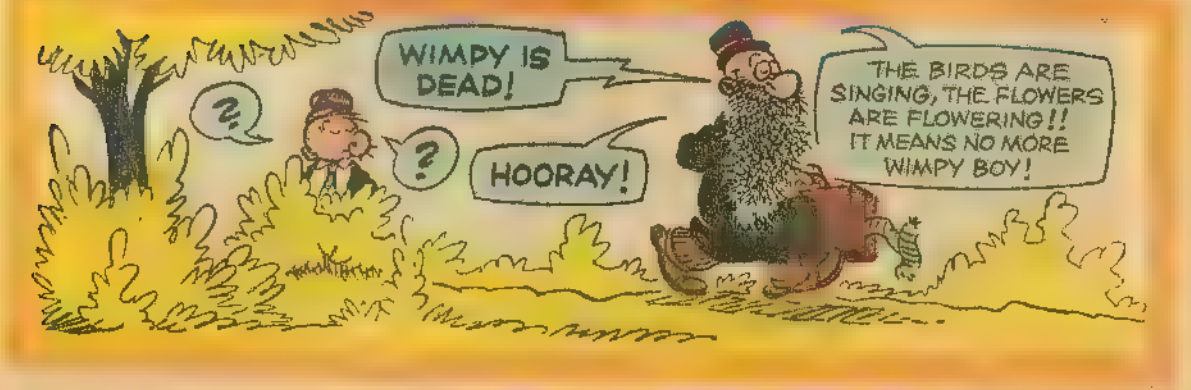
IN

THE SAD RETURN

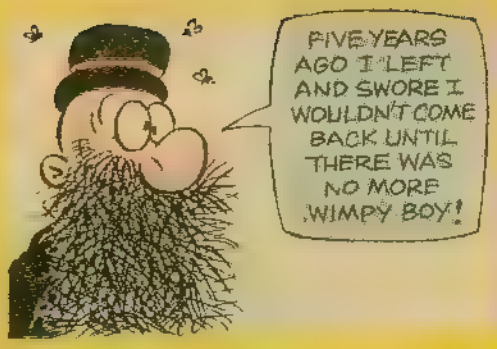


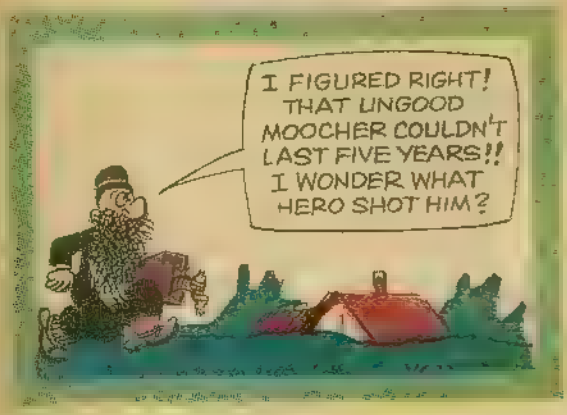






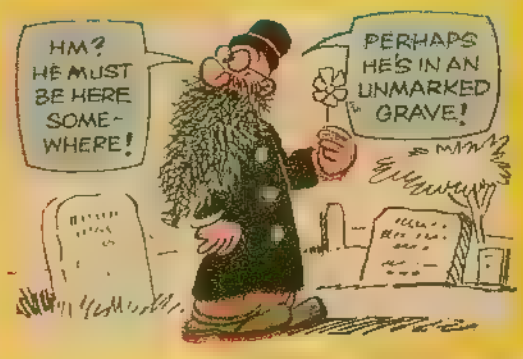
BLESS MY FRIENDSHIP RING! IT IS MY DEAR SWEET PAL GEEZIL!


FIVE YEARS AGO I LEFT AND SWORE I WOULDN'T COME BACK UNTIL THERE WAS NO MORE WIMPY BOY!

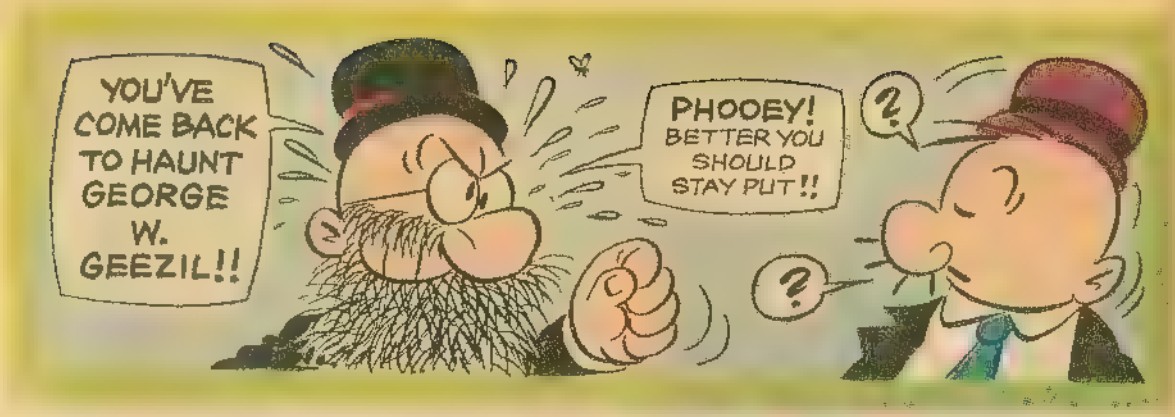

I FIGURED RIGHT! THAT UNGOOD MOOCHER COULDN'T LAST FIVE YEARS!! I WONDER WHAT HERO SHOT HIM?

I WISH I COULD HAVE SEEN IT! THE WORLD IS BEAUTIFUL WITHOUT HIM!!

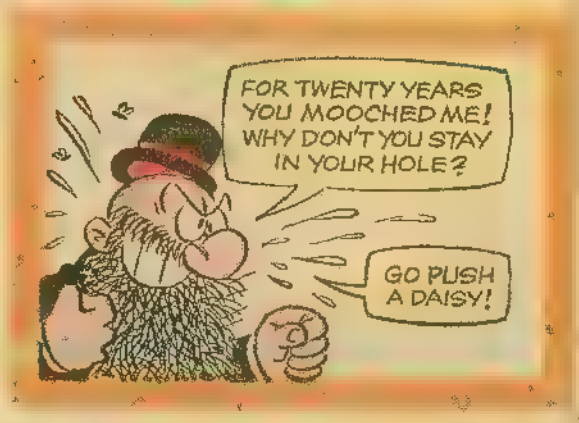
I SHALL VISIT HIS GRAVE AND EXPRESS MY JOYFUL CONGRATULATIONS!


HM? HE MUST BE HERE SOME-WHERE!
PERHAPS HE'S IN AN UNMARKED GRAVE!

YIKE!! A GHOSTER!!
GREETINGS, OL' PAL!


YOU'VE COME BACK TO HAUNT GEORGE W. GEEZIL!!
PHOOEY! BETTER YOU SHOULD STAY PUT!!
?
?

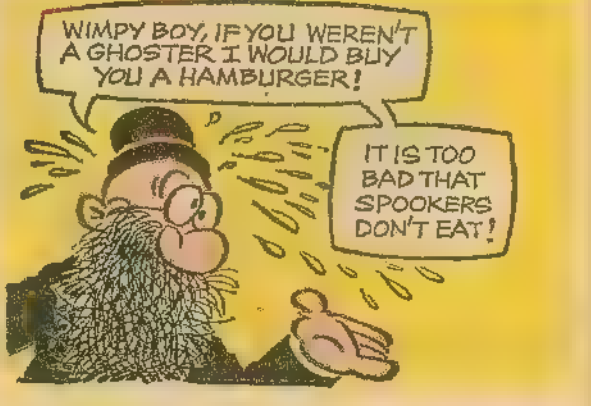
EVEN AS A GHOSTER YOU DRIVE ME NUTS!
GOOD HEAVENS!! HE THINKS I'M DEAD!

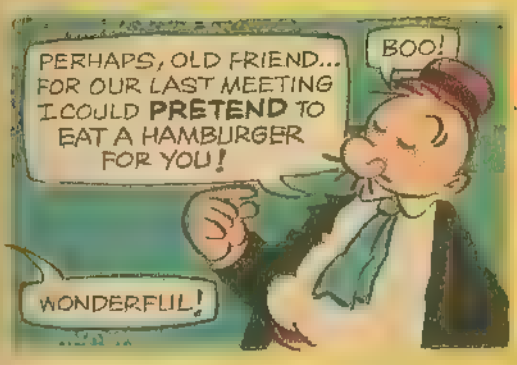

FOR TWENTY YEARS YOU MOOCHED ME! WHY DON'T YOU STAY IN YOUR HOLE?
GO PUSH A DAISY!

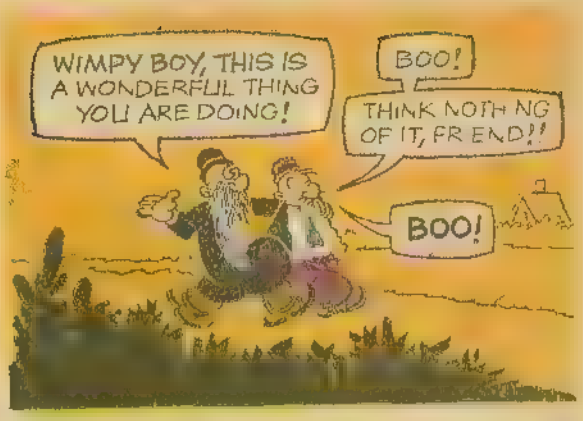
(BOO! BOO! SNIFF! SNIFF!) YOU HURT ME, DEAR FRIEND!
?
?
BOO!

WE GHOSTS CAN ONLY COME BACK SO MANY TIMES! I'VE COME BACK TO SEE MY DEAR PAL, GEORGE W. GEEZIL, AND HE SPURNS ME!
BOO! SNIFF!

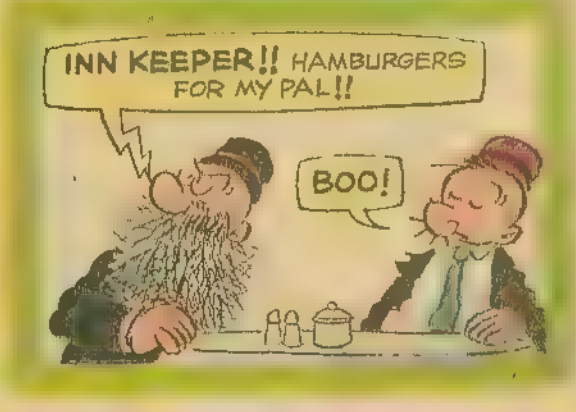
(SNIFF!) WIMPY BOY, I AM ASHAMED!! BETTER I SHOULD BE DEAD... (SNIFF! SNIFF!)
I'M A NO-GOOD FRIEND!


WIMPY BOY, IF YOU WEREN'T A GHOSTER I WOULD BUY YOU A HAMBURGER!
IT IS TOO BAD THAT SPOOKERS DON'T EAT!

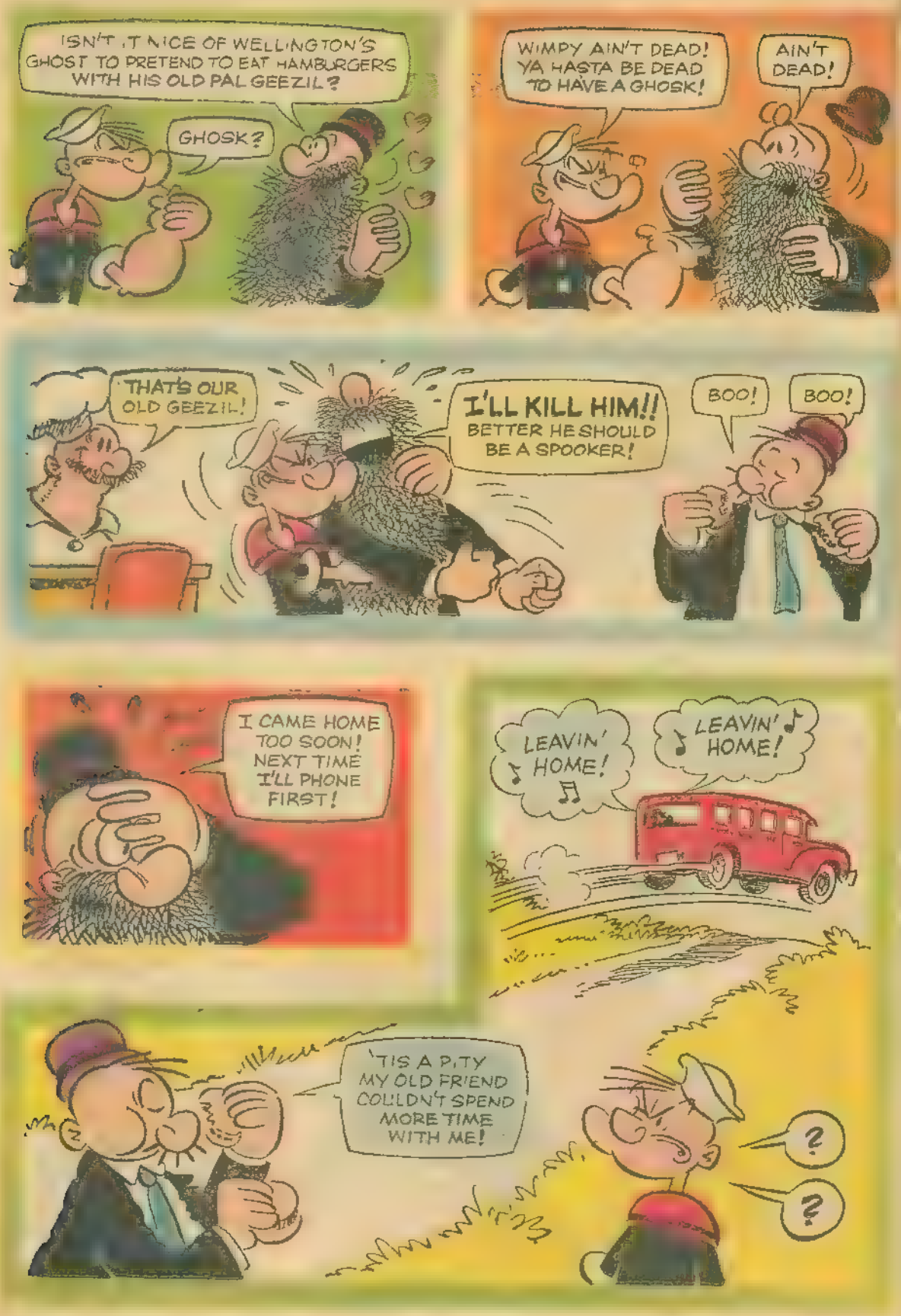

PERHAPS, OLD FRIEND... FOR OUR LAST MEETING I COULD **PRETEND** TO EAT A HAMBURGER FOR YOU!
BOO!
WONDERFUL!


WIMPY BOY, THIS IS A WONDERFUL THING YOU ARE DOING!
BOO!
THINK NOTH NG OF IT, FR END!!
BOO!

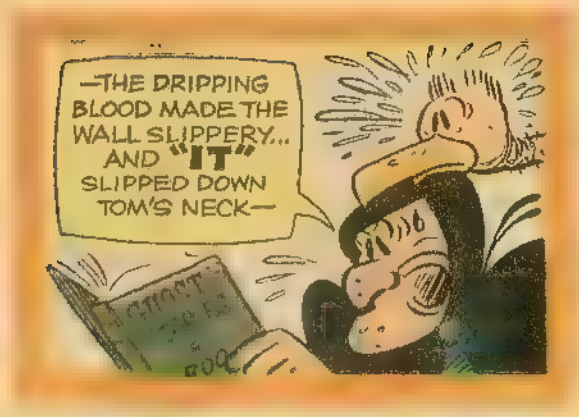
GEORGE W. GEEZIL WILL NEVER FORGET YOU FOR THE LOVE YOU SHOW HIM!
I'LL HAVE PICKLE, ONION AND LETTUCE BOTH, PLEASE!
BOO!

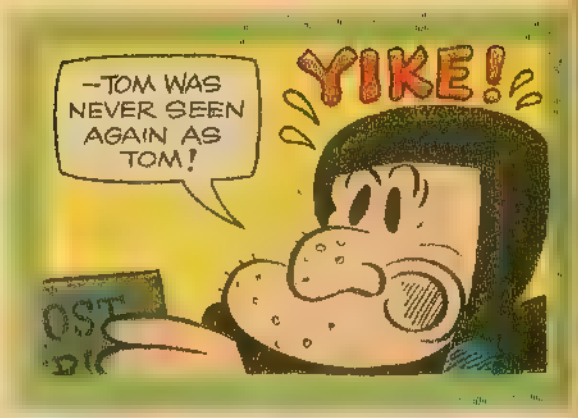

INN KEEPER!! HAMBURGERS FOR MY PAL!!
BOO!

I DON'T GET IT, POPEYE!! YOU KNOW HOW THEY FIGHT AND YET GEEZIL BUYS HIM HAMBURGERS!
?
?
?
YOU'RE PRETENDING REAL GOOD, WIMPY BOY!
GULP! BOO! GULP!
GULP!
GULP!


ISN'T IT NICE OF WELLINGTON'S GHOST TO PRETEND TO EAT HAMBURGERS WITH HIS OLD PAL GEEZIL?
GHOSK?
WIMPY AIN'T DEAD! YA HASTA BE DEAD TO HAVE A GHOSK!
AIN'T DEAD!
THAT'S OUR OLD GEEZIL!
I'LL KILL HIM!! BETTER HE SHOULD BE A SPOOKER!
BOO!
BOO!
I CAME HOME TOO SOON! NEXT TIME I'LL PHONE FIRST!
LEAVIN' HOME!
LEAVIN' HOME!
'TIS A PITY MY OLD FRIEND COULDN'T SPEND MORE TIME WITH ME!
?
?

"SPOOKED VULTURE!"
AWK!
AWK!
AWK!
OKAY! OKAY!!
I KNOW IT'S BEDTIME!
DERN VULTURE WON'T GO TO SLEEP WITHOUT A BEDTIME STORY!
HEH! HEH! THIS SHOULD DO FINE!
GHOST STORIES
(GULP...)AND THEN THE THING CREPT UP THE WALL...
GULP!

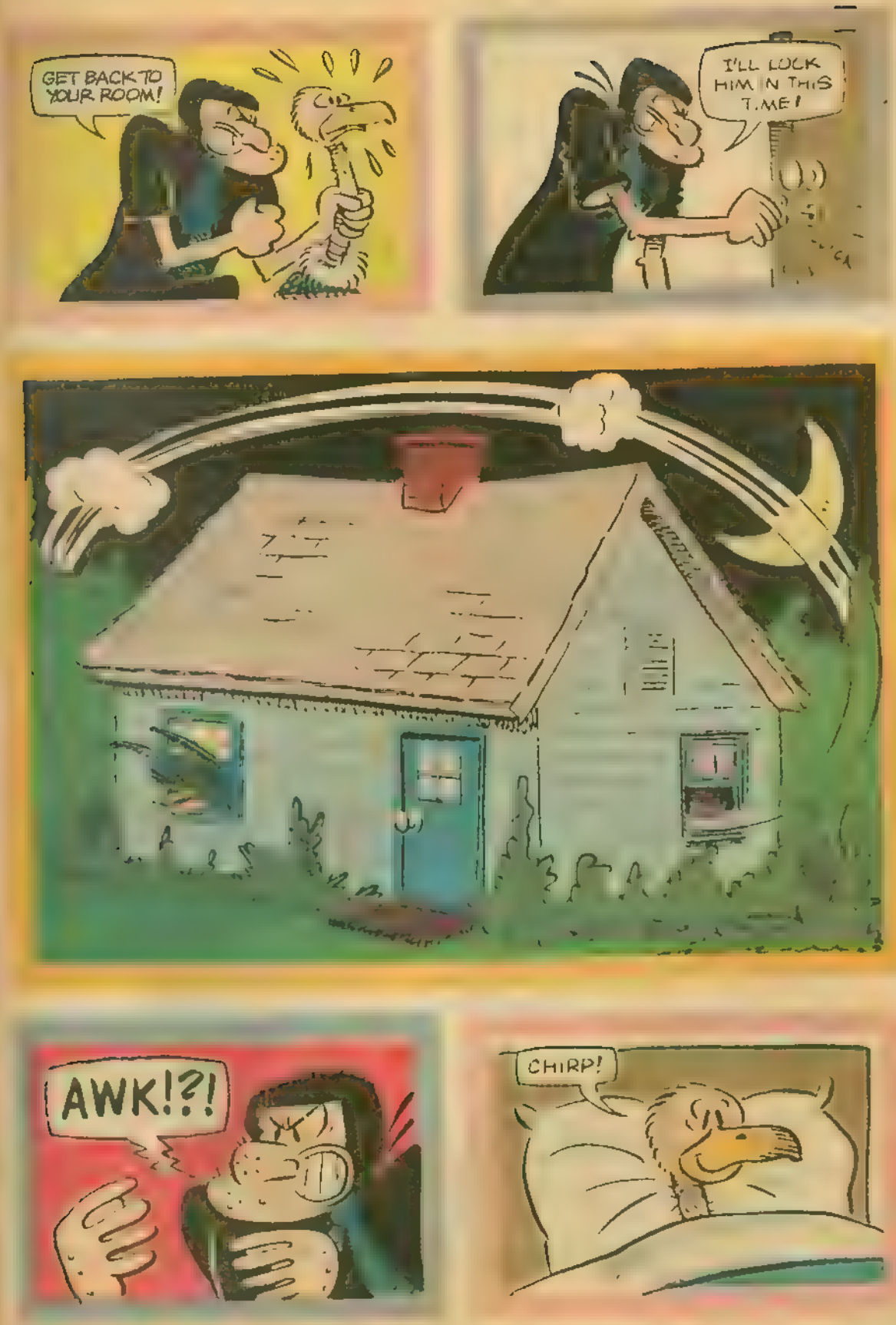

—THE DRIPPING BLOOD MADE THE WALL SLIPPERY... AND "IT" SLIPPED DOWN TOM'S NECK—

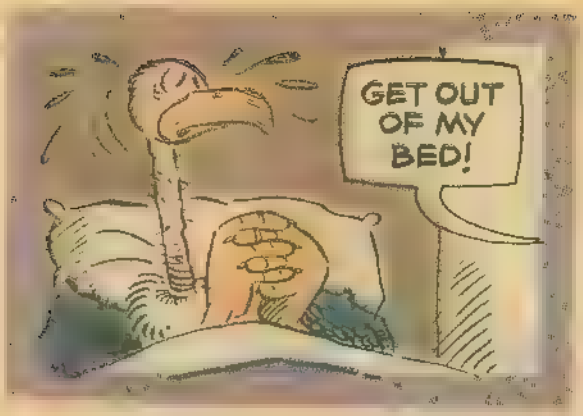

—TOM WAS NEVER SEEN AGAIN AS TOM!
YIKE!

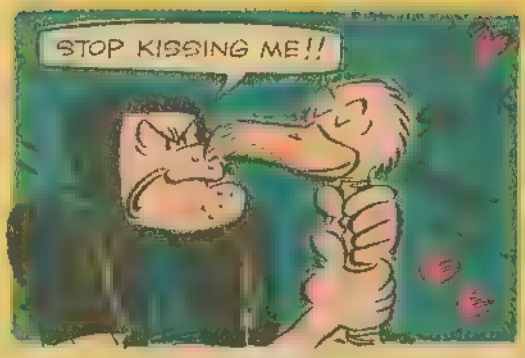
GOOD NIGHT, BERNARD! PLEASANT DREAMS!

UGH! WHAT A STORY! I BET BERNARD HAS A NIGHTMARE!
HEH! HEH!

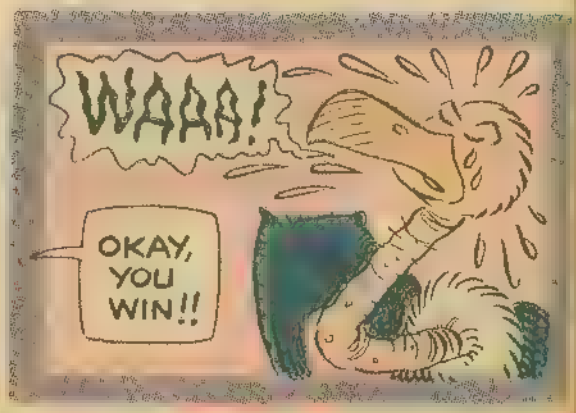
GET OUT OF MY BED!! YOU'RE NOT GOING TO SLEEP WITH ME, YOU COWARD!!

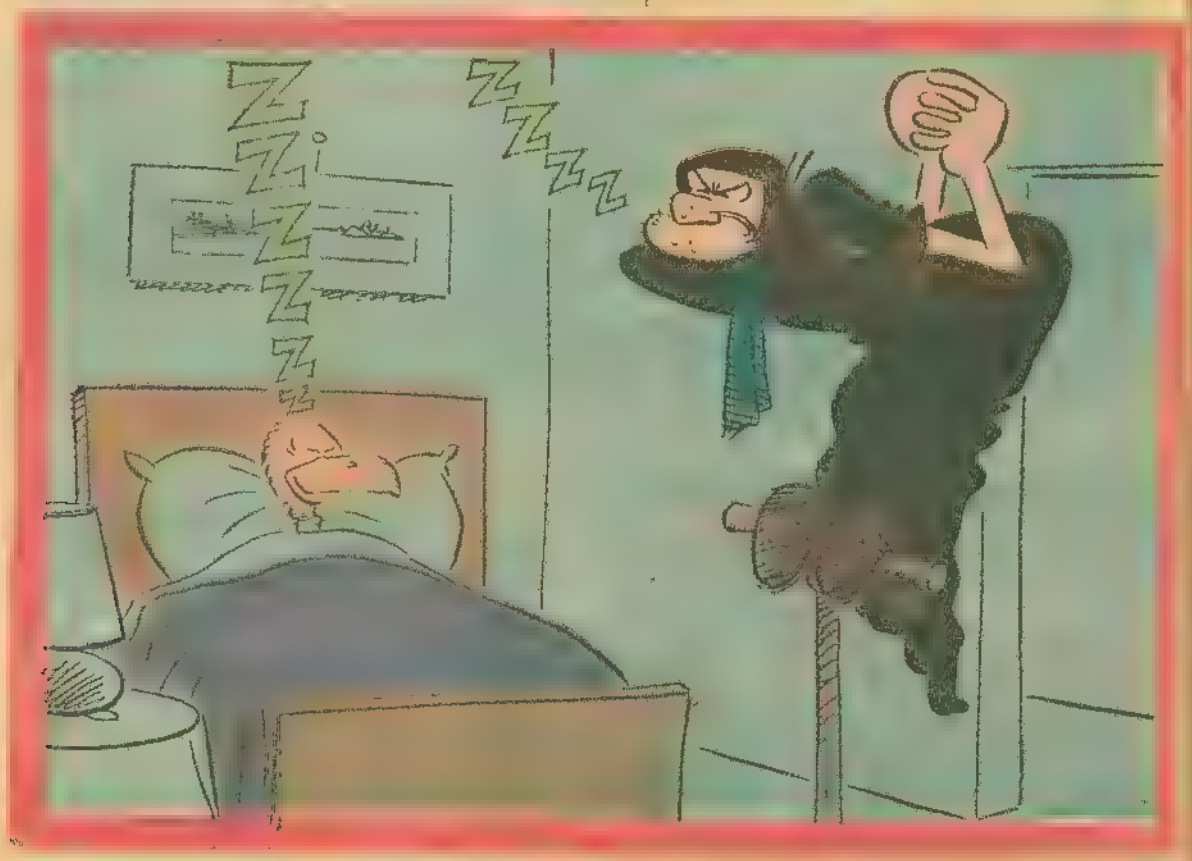

GET BACK TO YOUR ROOM!
I'LL LOCK HIM IN THIS T.ME!
AWK!?!
CHIRP!


GET OUT OF MY BED!

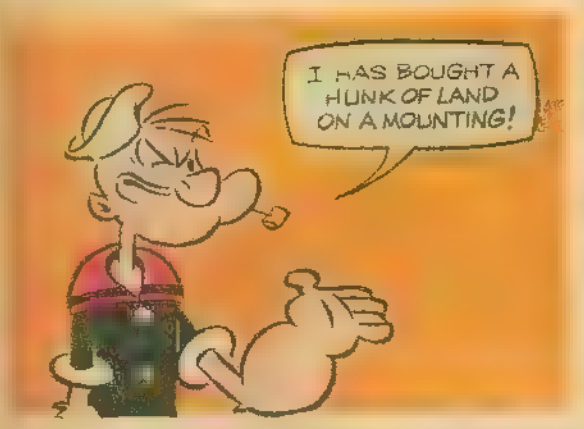

STOP KISSING ME!!

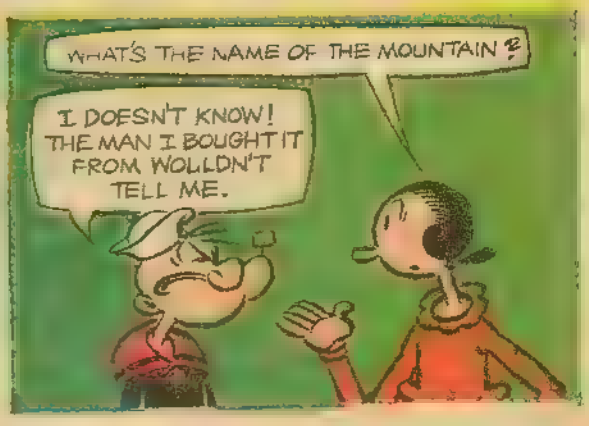
I'M NOT GOING TO STAY UP WITH YOU ALL NIGHT AND I'M NOT GOING TO SLEEP WITH A COWARDLY VULTURE!

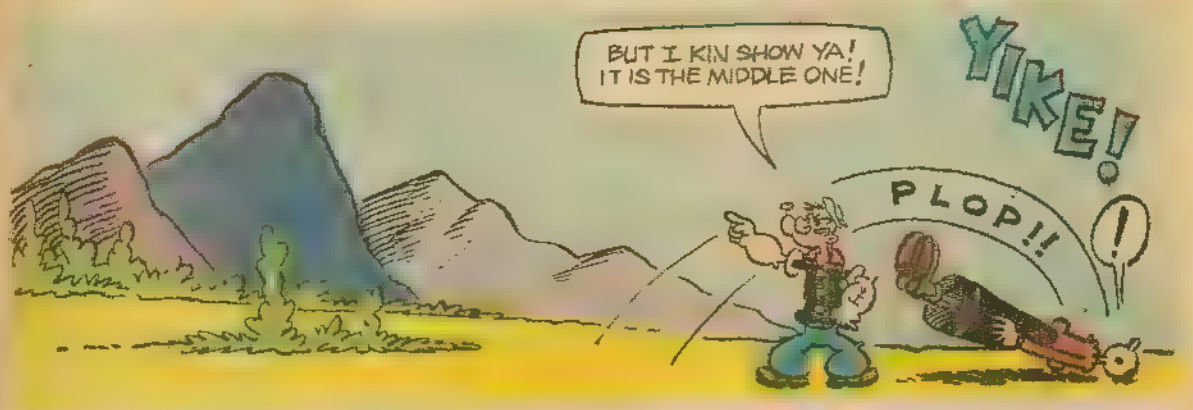

WAAA!
OKAY, YOU WIN!!



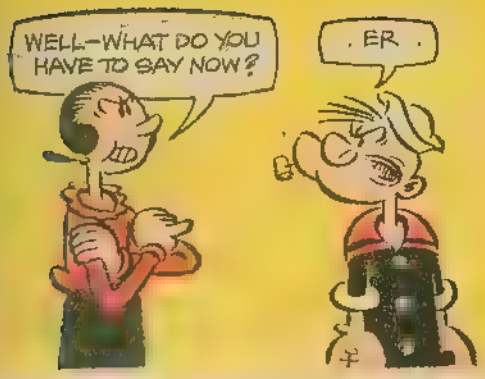
POPEYE IN GHOSK MOUNTAIN

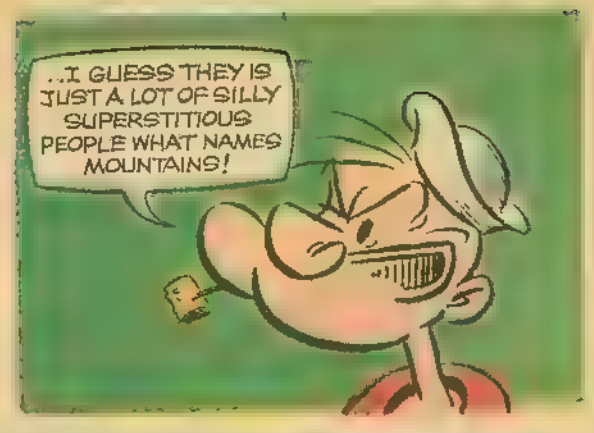




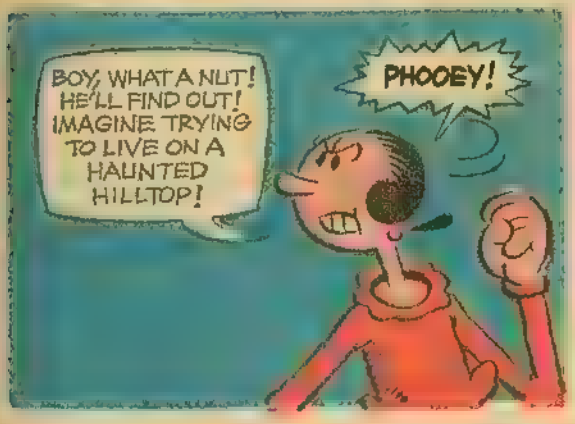


BLOW ME DOWN, OLIVE!? WHAT IS YA DOIN' DOWN THERE?
?
YOU DUMB SAILOR! DO YOU KNOW WHAT YOU'VE DONE?
?
?
YOU'VE HAD YOUR HOUSE MOVED TO A HAUNTED HILLTOP!!
WHEEEEEee!! ARF! ARF!
THAT'S SILLY! WHO EVER HEARD OF A HAUNTED MOUNTAIN!
GO AHEAD AND LAUGH! BUT LISTEN TO THE NAMES THAT MOUNTAIN HAS HAD!
SPOOK SUMMIT!
GHOST HILL!
APPARITION KNOLL!
SPECTRAL MOUND!
SPIRIT PEAK!
PHANTOM MOUNTAIN!
MOUNT BOGEYMAN!
GULP!
?
?
?

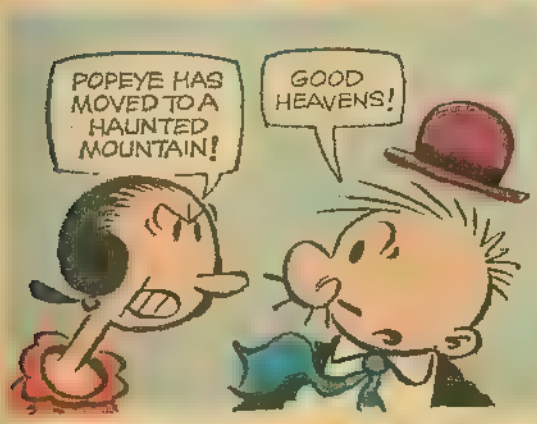

WELL—WHAT DO YOU HAVE TO SAY NOW?
. ER .

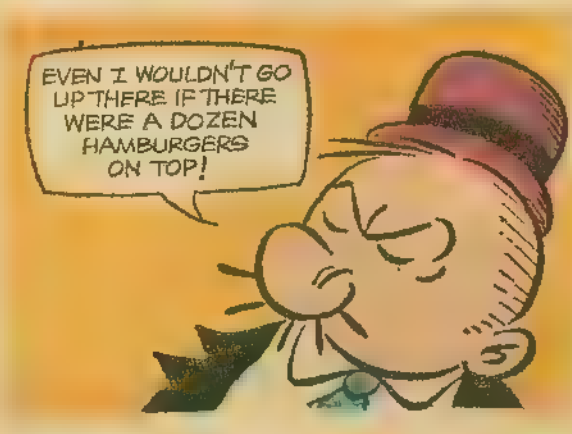

..I GUESS THEY IS JUST A LOT OF SILLY SUPERSTITIOUS PEOPLE WHAT NAMES MOUNTAINS!

IT DON'T BOTHER ME NONE!! I KNOWS THEY AIN'T ANY GHOSKS ON MOUNTAINS!
OH, YEAH!! DON'T EXPECT ME TO VISIT YOU!


BOY, WHAT A NUT! HE'LL FIND OUT! IMAGINE TRYING TO LIVE ON A HAUNTED HILLTOP!
PHOOEY!

GREETINGS, MISS OYL! YOU SEEM TO BE UNDULY AGITATED!

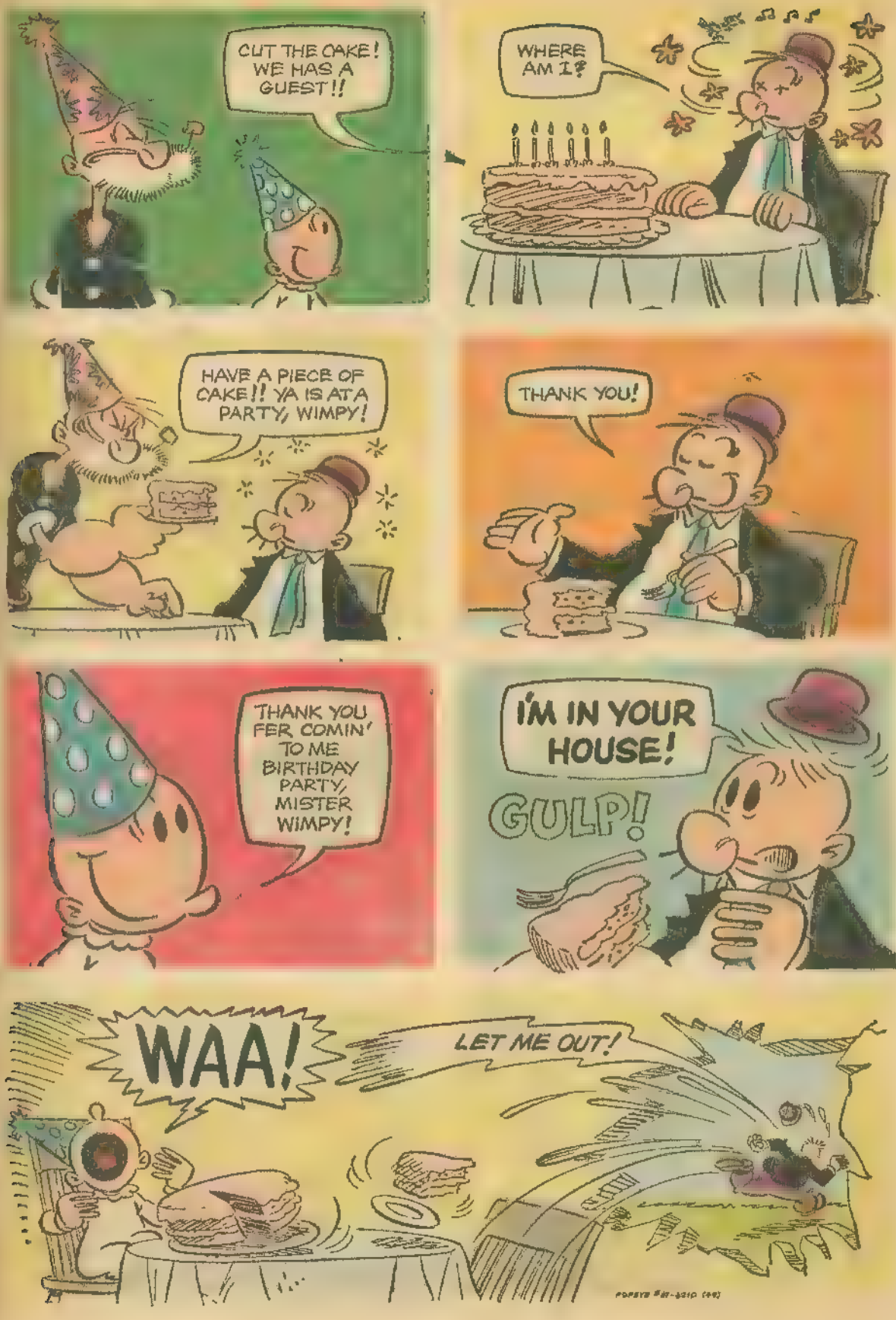

POPEYE HAS MOVED TO A HAUNTED MOUNTAIN!
GOOD HEAVENS!


EVEN I WOULDN'T GO UP THERE IF THERE WERE A DOZEN HAMBURGERS ON TOP!

TWO WEEKS LATER
I YAM LONESOME!
? ? ? ?
ME, TOO! WE AIN'T SEEN A SINGLE PERSON SINCE WE MOVED UP HERE!
NEXT SATURDAY IS SWEE'PEA'S BIRTHDAY! WE WILL HAVE A PARTY!
I WILL SEND OUT 'A HUN'RED INVITATIONS!
TRA LAA DA!
NOW WE WILL DECORATE THE HOUSE!
SWELL!

IT'S GOING TO BE SWELL TO SEE PEOPLE AGAIN!!
HOW'S THE EATS COMIN', SON? THE FOLKS WILL BE ARRIVIN' ANY MINUTE!!
EVERYTHIN' IS SET! YOU SWABS BETTER GIT DRESSED!
HM? THE INVITATIONS SAID ONE O'CLOCK! EVERYONE IS LATE!!
IT DOESN'T LOOK LIKE ANYONE IS COMIN'!
WAA!
BLAST'D COWARDS!! 'AT'S NO WAY TO TREAT A LI'L KID'S BIRTHDAY!
ICE CREAM

I'LL GIT GUFSKS!
AHOY WIMPY!
YA BLASTID MOOCHER!! WHY DIDN'T YA COME TO SWEE'PEA'S PARTY?
HM? ER...
MY AUNT ROSE WAS FEELING UNWELL AND I PAID HER A VISIT!
YER LYIN'!! YA HASN'T GOT NO AUNT ROSE!
PERHAPS IT WAS UNCLE PHILIP?
PHOOEY!
POW!
UGH!! WHY D D I KNOCK HIM OUT?
NOW I HASTA CARRY HIM UP THE HILL TO ME HOUSE!


CUT THE CAKE! WE HAS A GUEST!!
WHERE AM I?
HAVE A PIECE OF CAKE!! YA IS AT A PARTY, WIMPY!
THANK YOU!
THANK YOU FER COMIN' TO ME BIRTHDAY PARTY, MISTER WIMPY!
I'M IN YOUR HOUSE!
GULP!
WAA!
LET ME OUT!

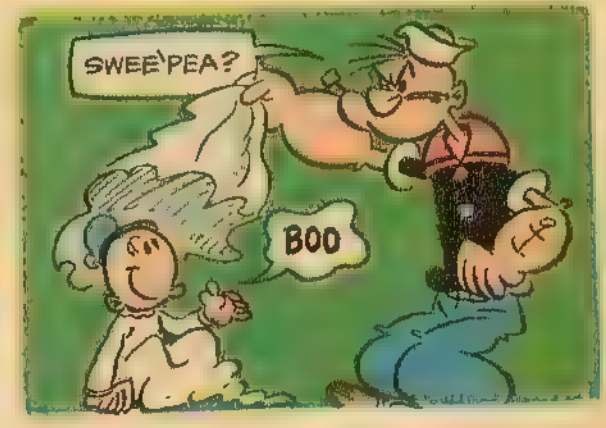
IT'S NO USE, SON! AS LONG AS WE LIVE ON A HILL WHAT PEOPLE THINK IS HAUNTED WE AIN'T GO'NER HAVE NO COMPANY!
I DIDN'T THINK SO MANY PEOPLE WAS SCARED OF SPOOKS!
IT IS DISGUSTIPATIN'!
THEY'S ONE PERSON I KNOW WILL VISIT US!
OLIVE OYL
GREETINGS, MISS OYL!
WHAT DO YOU WANT, YOU OLD GOAT?
I WONDERED WHY YOU HAVEN'T BEEN UP TO VISIT US IN OUR NEW HOME?
HA! I WOULDN'T GO NEAR THAT HAUNTED HILLTOP!
THERE'S NOTHING THAT COULD MAKE ME GO UP THERE!
WANNA BET?
HUH?
?
?

IF YOU DON'T CARE WHAT POPEYE IS DOING IT'S OKAY BY ME!
?
?
?
?
NOW WHAT DID HE MEAN BY THAT?
WHAT COULD POPEYE BE DOING?
?
?
BAH! WHO CARES!
HMPH!
BAH!
HE'S JUST TRYING TO STIR UP MY CURIOSITY!
GOOD HEAVENS!! I WONDER IF HE MEANT THAT MY SAILOR BOY HAS A NEW GIRL FRIEND!
HA, HA, THAT'S SILLY!
POPEYE LOVES ME!
HE WOULDN'T INVITE ANOTHER GIRL TO HIS ..HOUSE!
NO!
I'LL KILL HER!

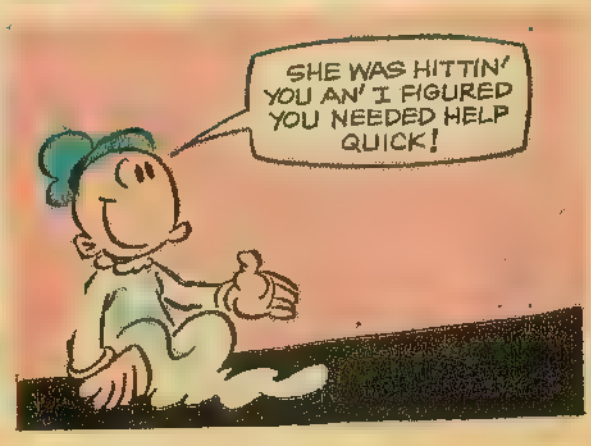
BLOW ME DOWN! HERE COMES OLIVE!
HOT DORG! WE HAS A VISITOR!
WHERE IS SHE ??
ANSWER ME! WHERE IS SHE?
HUH?
CAD!
POW
BOO!
BOO!
BOO!

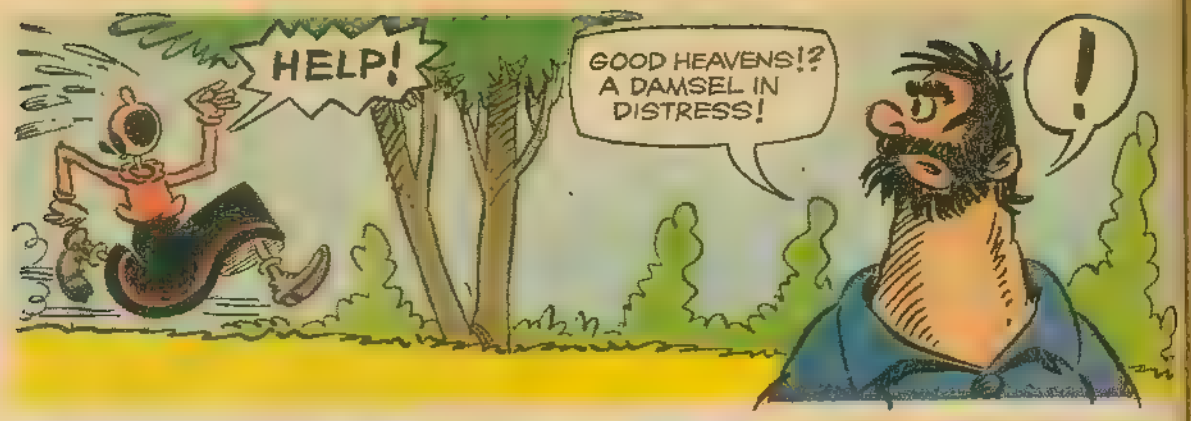
?
HALP!

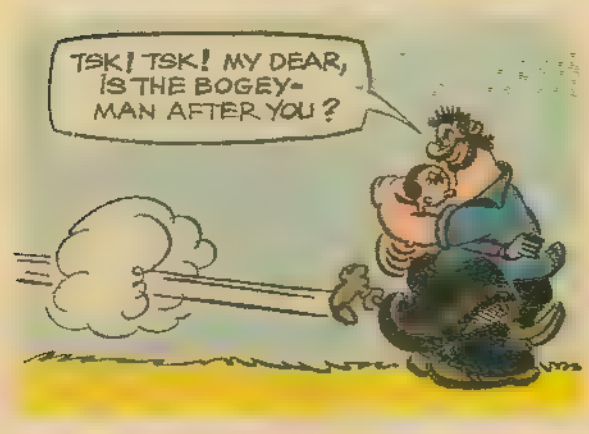
?
?
BOO!

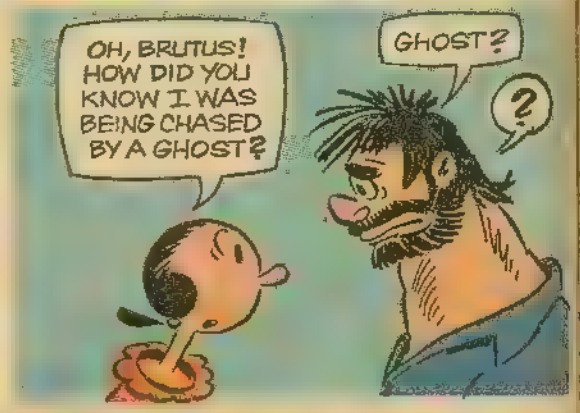

SWEE'PEA?
BOO

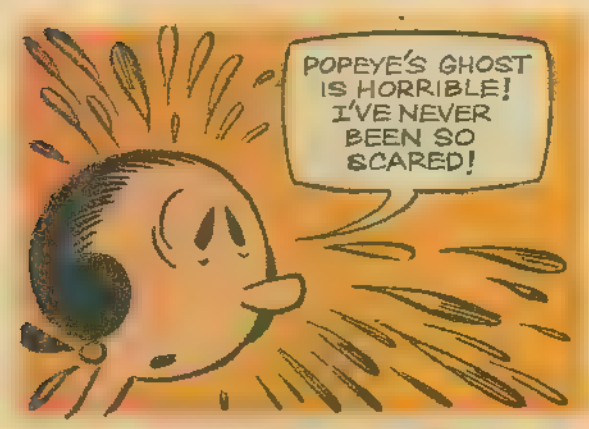
WHAT IN HECK DID YA SCARE OLIVE FOR?


SHE WAS HITTIN' YOU AN' I FIGURED YOU NEEDED HELP QUICK!

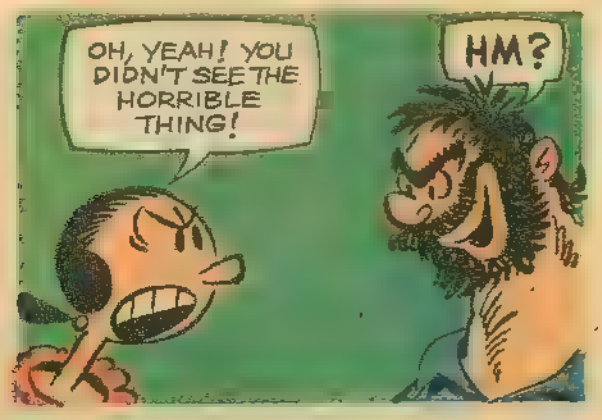

HELP!
GOOD HEAVENS!? A DAMSEL IN DISTRESS!
!


TSK! TSK! MY DEAR, IS THE BOGEY-MAN AFTER YOU?

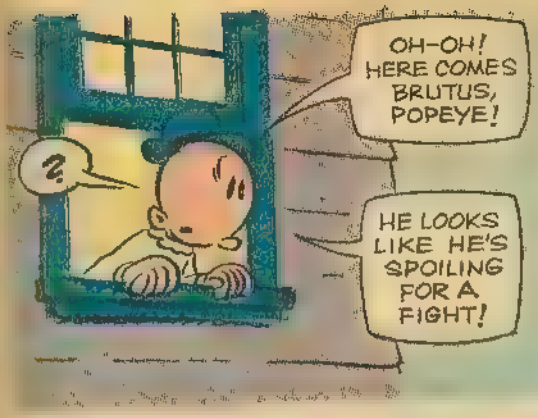

OH, BRUTUS! HOW DID YOU KNOW I WAS BEING CHASED BY A GHOST?
GHOST?
?

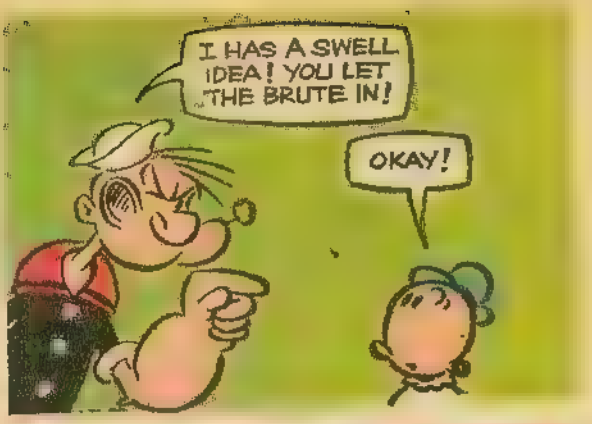

POPEYE'S GHOST IS HORRIBLE! I'VE NEVER BEEN SO SCARED!

HA! HA!
POPEYE'S GHOST, HA! HA! THAT SAILOR HASN'T GOT ENOUGH SPIRIT TO HAVE A GHOST!


OH, YEAH! YOU DIDN'T SEE THE HORRIBLE THING!
HM?

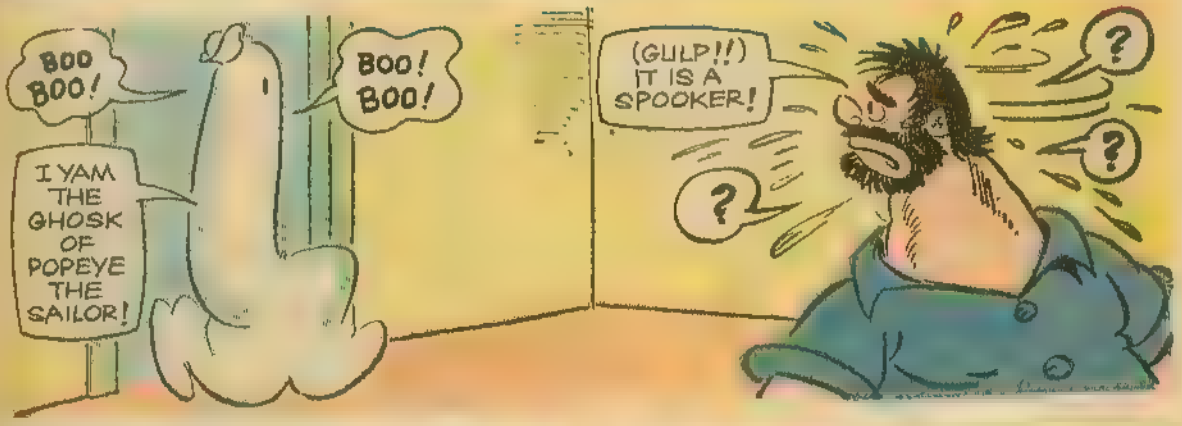
I'M GOING TO PROVE TO YOU ONCE AND FOR ALL THAT THAT SAILOR IS A FAKE!
OH, BRUTUS!
I'M GOING UP AND SMASH HIS PET GHOST!


?
OH-OH! HERE COMES BRUTUS, POPEYE!
HE LOOKS LIKE HE'S SPOILING FOR A FIGHT!


I HAS A SWELL IDEA! YOU LET THE BRUTE IN!
OKAY!

I WANT TO SEE THE COWARDLY SAILOR THAT SCARES YOUNG LADIES!
YA MUS' MEAN ME PAPPY!

WHERE IS THE SWAB?
AHOY, POPEYE! COME OUT YOU COWARD!


BOO BOO!
BOO! BOO!
I YAM THE GHOSK OF POPEYE THE SAILOR!
(GULP!!) IT IS A SPOOKER!
?
?
?

BOO!
HA! HA! HA! DON'T TRY TO FOOL ME!

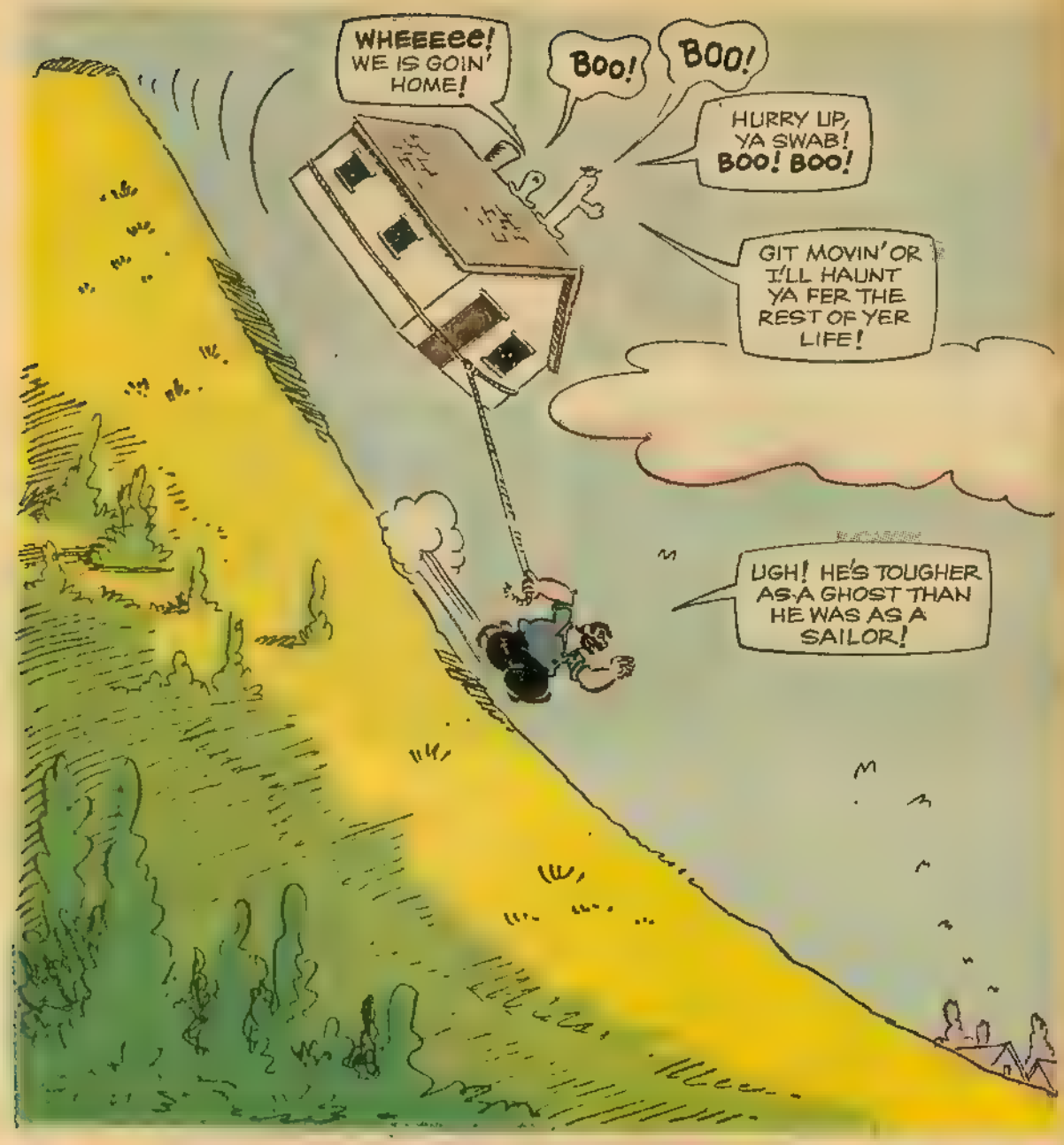
YOU'RE NOT THE GHOST OF POPEYE!

OH, YEAH!
CRASH
BOO!
NOW DOES YA RECOGNIZE ME?
?
YOU'RE POPEYE ALL RIGHT AND I'M GOING TO TEAR YA TO PIECES!
GRR!
HALT!
BOO!
?
HUH?
DROP YER ANCHOR!
BOO!
BOO!
YOU CAN'T HIT ME! I'M JUST AIR!
?
HM? MY GORSH! HE IS RIGHT! YOU CAN'T HIT A GHOST!

WAIT A MINUTE!
I'VE BEEN TOOK!
HE WAS SOLID ENOUGH WHEN HE HIT ME!
I'LL SMASH HIM!
YOU CAN'T FOOL ME WITH A SHEET!
GOOD-BYE TO POPEYE THE SAILOR MAN!
YIKE!!
CRUNCH
?
THAT'S THE END OF THE GOODIE-GOODIE SAILOR!
HA! HA!
IS THE COAST CLEAR?
ARF! ARF! YA HUNG IT OVER A LAMP!

NOW SWEET OLIVE WILL BE MY GIRL!
IT'S A NICE WORLD WITH POPEYE GONE!
BOO!
GULP!
YA SHOULDN'T ORTA GO AROUN' SMACKIN' GHOSKS WIT' CLUBS!
POW!
LET ME OUT OF HERE!
BOO
BOO
ARF! ARF!
BOO
BOO
ANOTHER ONE!
BOO!

I GIVE UP!
...WHAT'LL WE DO WIT' HIM, LI'L SPOOK?
I HAS A GOOD IDEA!
LE'S GO IN'A OTHER ROOM!
WHA'S YER IDEA, SWEE'PEA?
NOBODY LIKES THE LOCATION OF OUR HOUSE...
...SO WHY DOESN'T WE USE OUR GHOSTLY POWERS TO MAKE BRUTUS MOVE US BACK!
ARF! ARF!
YOU GO FIX THE ROPE AND I'LL GIT BRUTUS!
SWELL!
COME OUTSIDE! I HAS A JOB FER YA!!
OKAY! YES! ANYTHING YOU SAY!
JUST START PULLIN' ON THE ROPE! I'LL TELL YOU WHERE TO GO!
ERF! ERF!


WHEEEEE! WE IS GOIN' HOME!
BOO!
BOO!
HURRY UP, YA SWAB! BOO! BOO!
GIT MOVIN' OR I'LL HAUNT YA FER THE REST OF YER LIFE!
UGH! HE'S TOUGHER AS A GHOST THAN HE WAS AS A SAILOR!

WELL, WE IS BACK WHERE WE STARTED FROM!
YEAH! IT'S NICE TO BE BACK ON THE OLD LOT!

YOU KIN GO NOW, BOY!
THANK YOU! THANK YOU, MISTER GHOST!

NOW THAT WE IS BACK KIN I HAVE ANOTHER BIRTHDAY PARTY?
YOU BET!
I WILL SEND OUT NEW INVITATIONS RIGHT AWAY!
THAT EVENING
THE GUESTS IS STARTIN' TO ARRIVE, POPEYE!
SWELL!
ARE YOU GOING TO WEAR THAT SHEET?
YEAH I WANTS TO PROVE TO YOU THAT PEOPLE AIN'T SCARED OF THINGS THEY UN'ERSTAND!
ARF! ARF! I DIDN'T KNOW THIS WAS A COSTUME PARTY!
YOU MAKE A VERY POOR SPOOK, OL' PAL! I FEAR YOU COULDN'T SCARE ANYONE!
TEE-HEE! YOU LOOK TOO FUNNY TO SCARE PEOPLE!
ARF! ARF! YOU'VE NO IDEA HOW SPOOKY I KIN GIT!!

At various times in our lives, we are hungry, or vengeful, or do such things as searching, cooking and guarding. It's no surprise then to find these traits in ghosts in the following supposedly "true" reports

In a New Jersey home, owned by an understanding coup'e, lives a *hungry* ghost. He often paces between the kitchen table and the stove, getting his midnight snack of spirit food. The coup e nod to each other, upstairs in their beds:

"It's only George."

George starved to death in that house during the Civil War, either as a spy or a Confederate prisoner. He gets p enty of ghostly food now.

The vengeful ghost comes to The Pink House ten miles from the Pennsylvania border. She is angry because on the eve of her wedding, her husband-to-be ran away with her sister. The heartbroken girl drowned herself in a marb e fountain outside, then bided her time until the couple came back to live in the house with the r small daughter. She evilly beckoned the little girl to the fountain one night, where the child was found lifeless the next morning.

The couple set more watchful eyes upon their next child and watched the ghostly aunt make her advances to this child too. But the father lit a candle and the ghost-girl disappeared. Only when the candle flickered or d'ed out could she come back. Through all the years, changing from candles to gas, then to electricity, a protecting light has been kept burning in the "chi d's" room, a though she is now nearly eighty years old.

In the ful of the August moon, an Ind'an chiefta'n appears at Conesus Lake, New York, in glow'ng war paint. During life, he had beaten his wife and she ran away. He looked for her until his death and after. His *searching* ghost still comes back to the lake one day each year, hoping to find his lost wife.

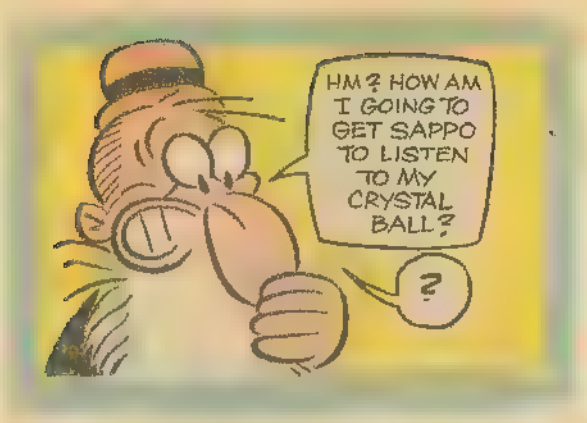
Aunt Sarah was the queen of the kitchen at Lindenwa d estate in New York, bu'lt by Judge Van Ness in 1797. No one will buy the house, although it comes with the delicious odor of pancakes Aunt Sarah made for the Judge. Whenever anyone comes to clean the kitchen so the house can be shown to a prospective buyer, Aunt Sarah's wraith comes down the chimney with fiery eyes and frightens them away. This cook*ing* ghost fee,s the kitchen belongs to her a one.

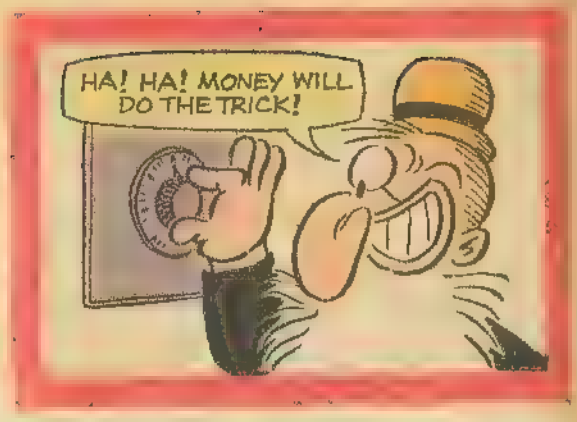
Two sons were told by their mother that according to an old tale they would find buried treasure at a crossroads—but only if they dug in *silence*. They began to dig there. A man suddenly appeared, who had been dead for years, and stood watching them. They said noth'ng. Another man, holding his head in his lap, rode up on a big black horse, but st'll the lads remembered to keep quiet. More ghosts of ong-dead fr'ends of their mother kept coming, but the d'ggers uttered no words.

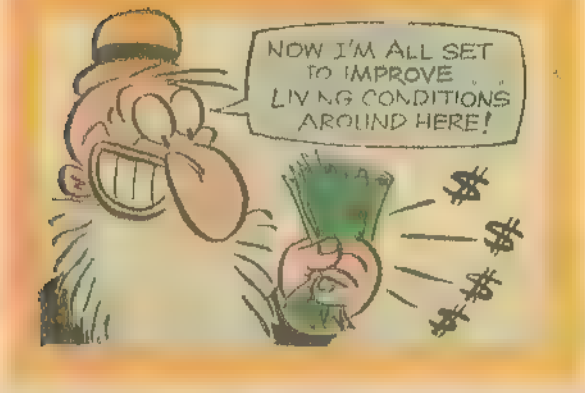
F'na ly, the boys uncovered a chest and put a rope around it. But the rope slipped. The chest fe l on one boy's toe. Forgetting, he yelped in pain, breaking the silence.

With the spell broken, the chest fell back into the hole, the grass sprang into place, a cloud covered the moon and the *guardian* ghosts left . . . all in a moment.

PROFESSOR O.G.WOTASNOZZLE
(THE ATOMIC BRAIN)
in
"SPIRIT BOSS"
THIS WILL BE THE GREATEST CRYSTAL BALL IN THE HISTORY OF SPIRIT MEDIUMS!
RADIO PARTS
SWELL! IT LOOKS JUST LIKE A REGULAR CRYSTAL BALL!
BUT, IT HAS A RADIO SENDER AND RECEIVER IN ITS BASE!!
I'LL TEST IT!
HELLO, SAPPO ...THIS IS THE SPIRIT OF YOUR UNCLE HARVEY!
HELLO, SAPPO ...THIS IS THE SPIRIT OF YOUR UNCLE HARVEY!

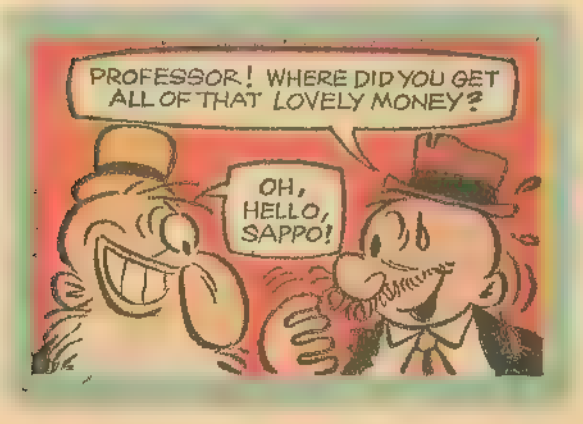

HM? HOW AM I GOING TO GET SAPPO TO LISTEN TO MY CRYSTAL BALL?
?


HA! HA! MONEY WILL DO THE TRICK!

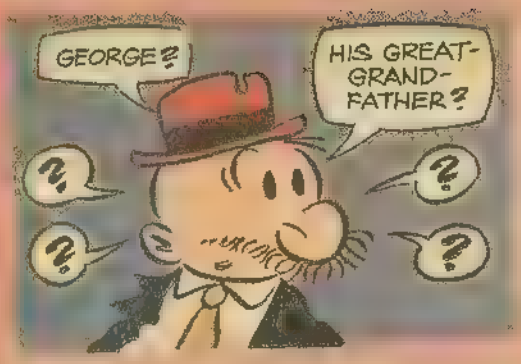

NOW I'M ALL SET TO IMPROVE LIVING CONDITIONS AROUND HERE!

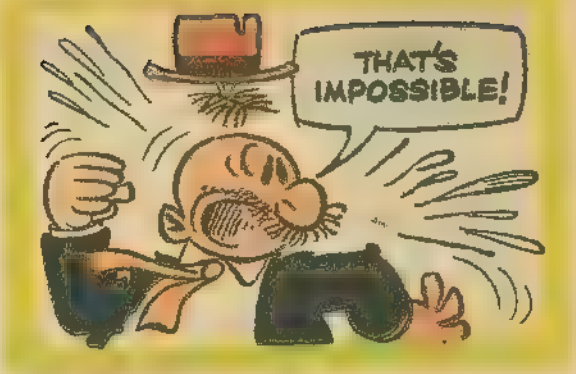
AH! THERE'S MY LANDLORD OUT IN THE YARD!

SEVEN HUNDRED! EIGHT HUNDRED!
NINE HUNDRED!
ONE THOUSAND!
$
$
$

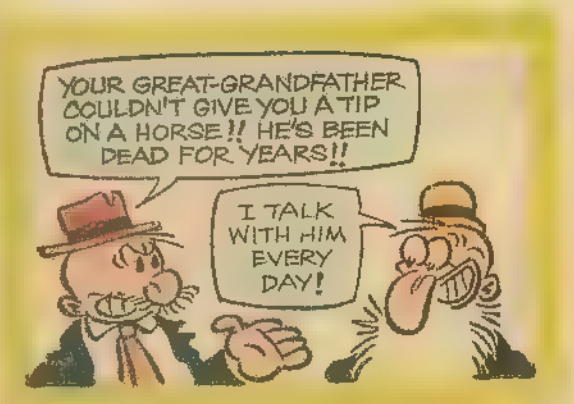

PROFESSOR! WHERE DID YOU GET ALL OF THAT LOVELY MONEY?
OH, HELLO, SAPPO!

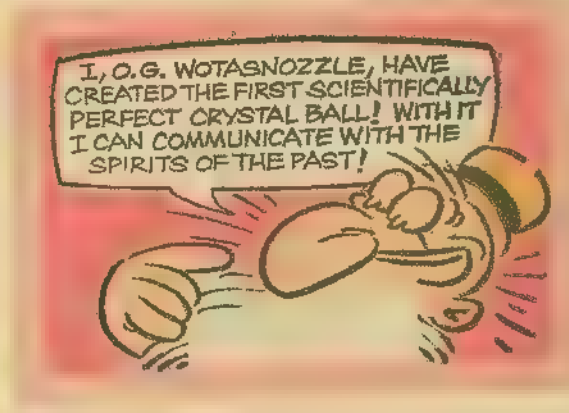
MY GREAT-GRANDFATHER, GEORGE, GAVE ME A TIP ON A RACE HORSE!
OH!


GEORGE?
HIS GREAT-GRAND-FATHER?
?
?
?
?

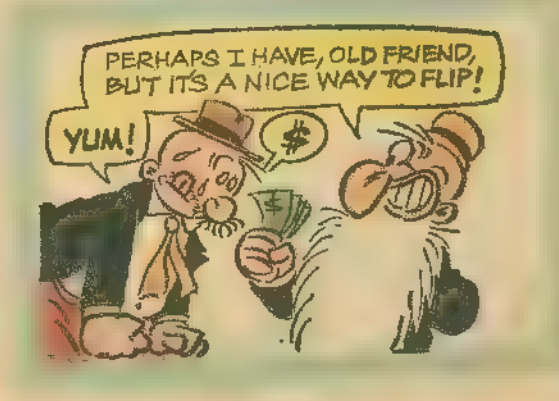

THAT'S IMPOSSIBLE!

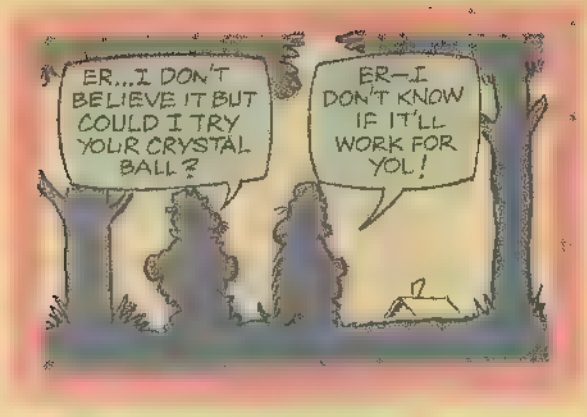
PROFESSOR! I WANT TO TALK TO YOU!
HEH! HEH! HE'S BITING!
THE FLY IS FLYING INTO MY WEB!
HEH! HEH!

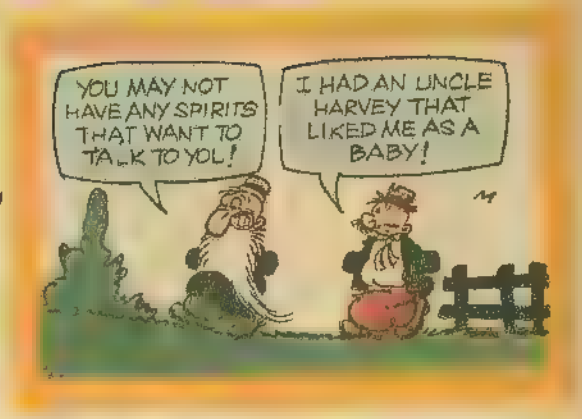

YOUR GREAT-GRANDFATHER COULDN'T GIVE YOU A TIP ON A HORSE!! HE'S BEEN DEAD FOR YEARS!!
I TALK WITH HIM EVERY DAY!

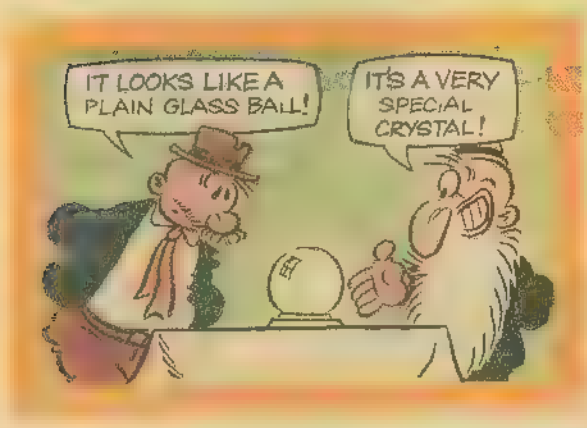

I, O.G. WOTASNOZZLE, HAVE CREATED THE FIRST SCIENTIFICALLY PERFECT CRYSTAL BALL! WITH IT I CAN COMMUNICATE WITH THE SPIRITS OF THE PAST!

WHEEEeee! HA! HA! HA! HA!
BOY! HAVE YOU FLIPPED!
HA! HA! HA!

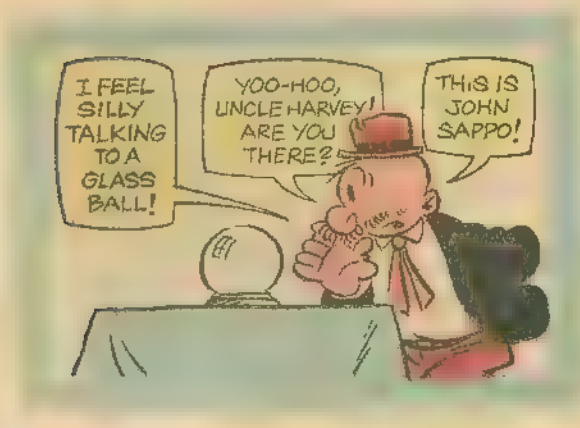

PERHAPS I HAVE, OLD FRIEND, BUT IT'S A NICE WAY TO FLIP!
YUM!
$


ER...I DON'T BELIEVE IT BUT COULD I TRY YOUR CRYSTAL BALL?
ER—I DON'T KNOW IF IT'LL WORK FOR YOU!

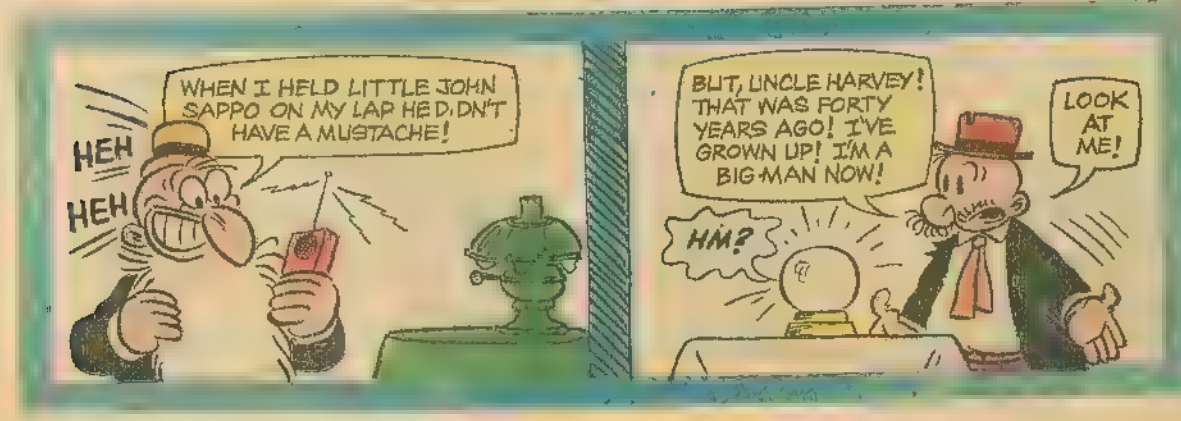

YOU MAY NOT HAVE ANY SPIRITS THAT WANT TO TALK TO YOU!
I HAD AN UNCLE HARVEY THAT LIKED ME AS A BABY!

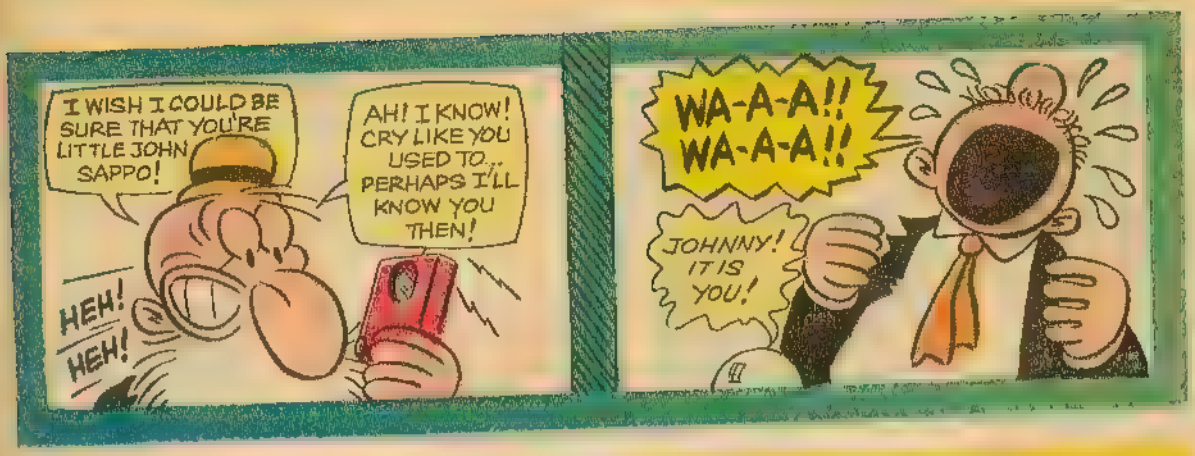

IT LOOKS LIKE A PLAIN GLASS BALL!
IT'S A VERY SPECIAL CRYSTAL!

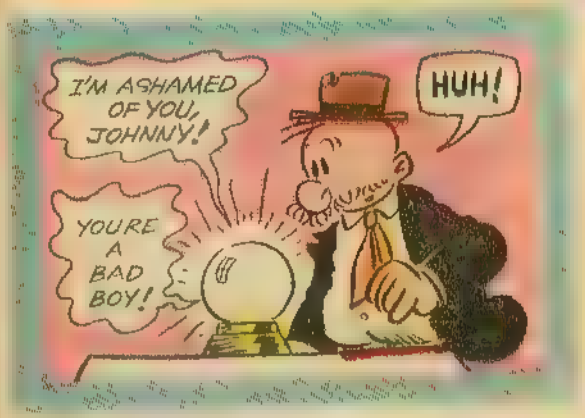
IT WON'T WORK WITH TWO PEOPLE IN THE ROOM SO I'LL LEAVE!
ASK FOR YOUR UNCLE HARVEY AND IF HE WANTS TO TALK TO YOU, YOU'LL HEAR HIS VOICE!

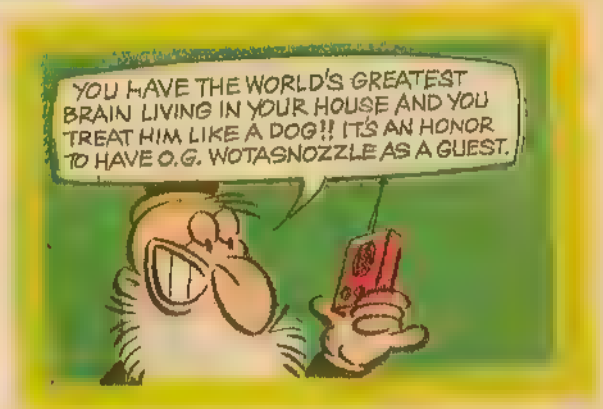

I FEEL SILLY TALKING TO A GLASS BALL!
YOO-HOO, UNCLE HARVEY! ARE YOU THERE?
THIS IS JOHN SAPPO!

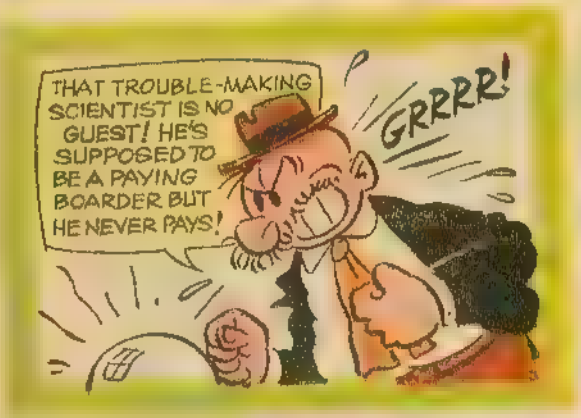
YOU'RE NOT JOHN SAPPO! YOU'VE GOT A MUSTACHE!
YIKE!

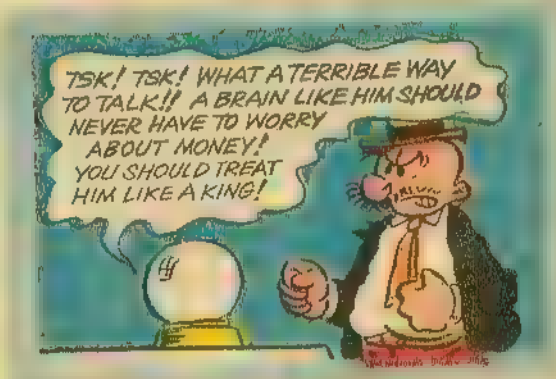

HEH HEH
WHEN I HELD LITTLE JOHN SAPPO ON MY LAP HE DIDN'T HAVE A MUSTACHE!
BUT, UNCLE HARVEY! THAT WAS FORTY YEARS AGO! I'VE GROWN UP! I'M A BIG MAN NOW!
LOOK AT ME!
HM?

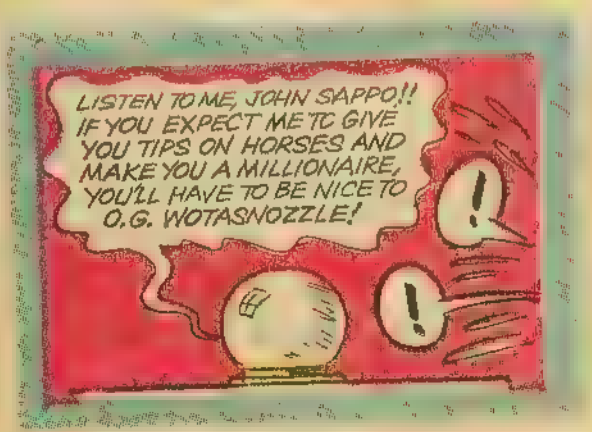

I WISH I COULD BE SURE THAT YOU'RE LITTLE JOHN SAPPO!
AH! I KNOW! CRY LIKE YOU USED TO... PERHAPS I'LL KNOW YOU THEN!
HEH! HEH!
WA-A-A!! WA-A-A!!
JOHNNY! IT IS YOU!

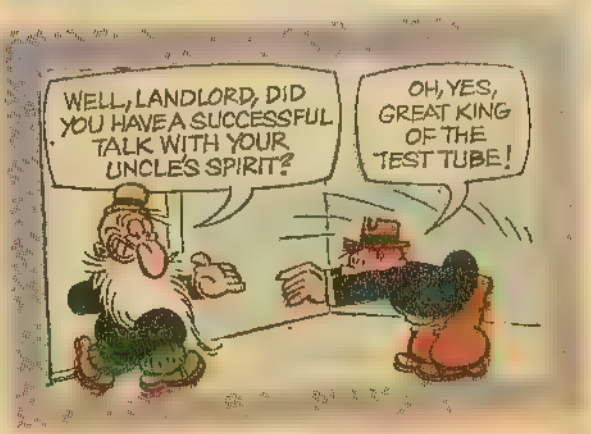

I'M ASHAMED OF YOU, JOHNNY!
HUH!
YOU'RE A BAD BOY!

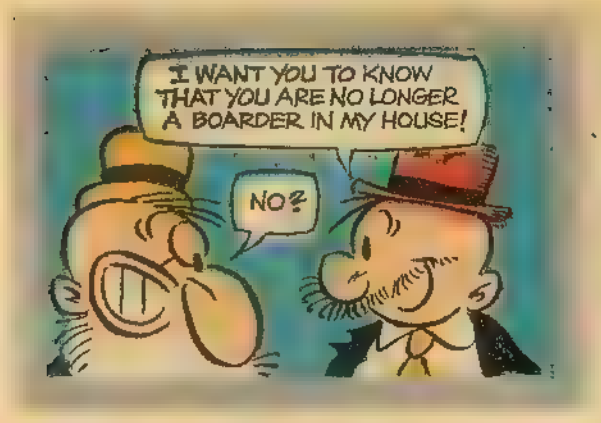

YOU HAVE THE WORLD'S GREATEST BRAIN LIVING IN YOUR HOUSE AND YOU TREAT HIM LIKE A DOG!! IT'S AN HONOR TO HAVE O.G. WOTASNOZZLE AS A GUEST.


THAT TROUBLE-MAKING SCIENTIST IS NO GUEST! HE'S SUPPOSED TO BE A PAYING BOARDER BUT HE NEVER PAYS!
GRRRR!

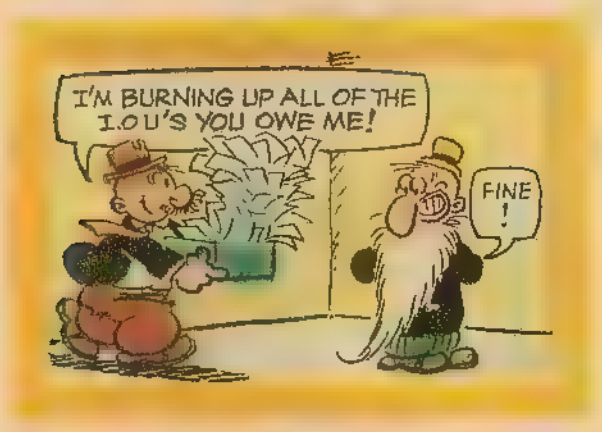

TSK! TSK! WHAT A TERRIBLE WAY TO TALK!! A BRAIN LIKE HIM SHOULD NEVER HAVE TO WORRY ABOUT MONEY! YOU SHOULD TREAT HIM LIKE A KING!

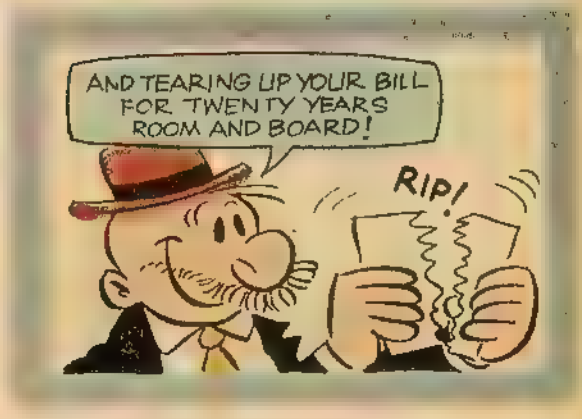

LISTEN TO ME, JOHN SAPPO!! IF YOU EXPECT ME TO GIVE YOU TIPS ON HORSES AND MAKE YOU A MILLIONAIRE, YOU'LL HAVE TO BE NICE TO O.G. WOTASNOZZLE!
!
!

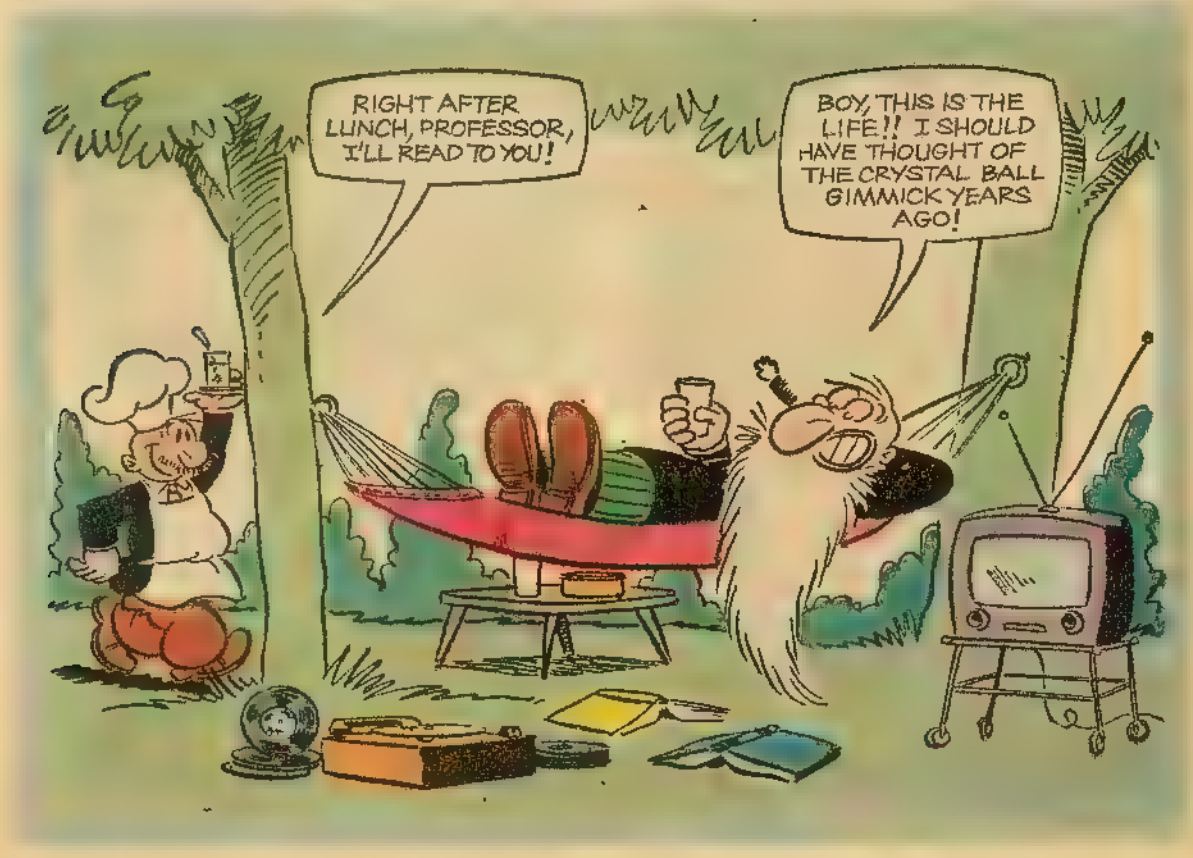

WELL, LANDLORD, DID YOU HAVE A SUCCESSFUL TALK WITH YOUR UNCLE'S SPIRIT?
OH, YES, GREAT KING OF THE TEST TUBE!

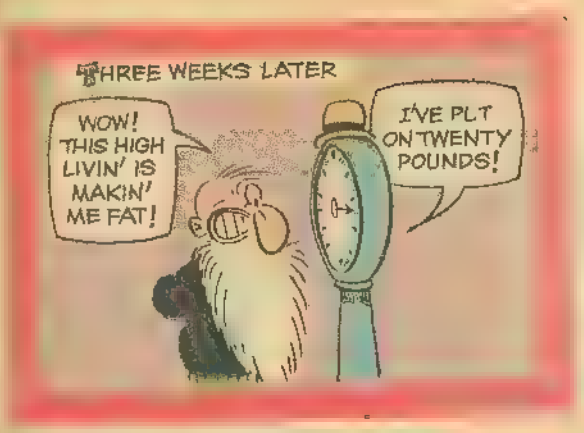

I WANT YOU TO KNOW THAT YOU ARE NO LONGER A BOARDER IN MY HOUSE!
NO?

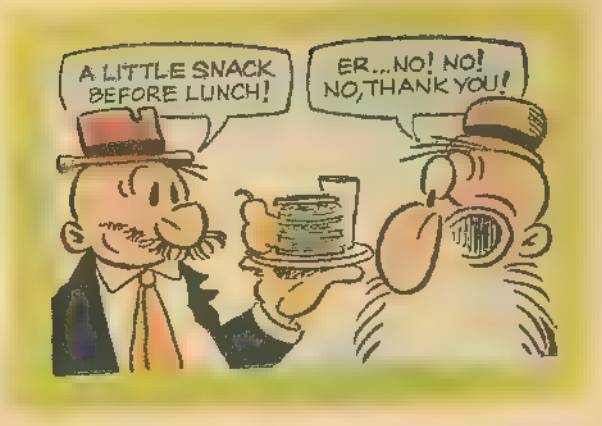
FROM NOW ON YOU ARE AN HONORED GUEST! YOUR SLIGHTEST WISH IS MY COMMAND!!
NICE! REAL NICE!


I'M BURNING UP ALL OF THE I.O.U'S YOU OWE ME!
FINE!

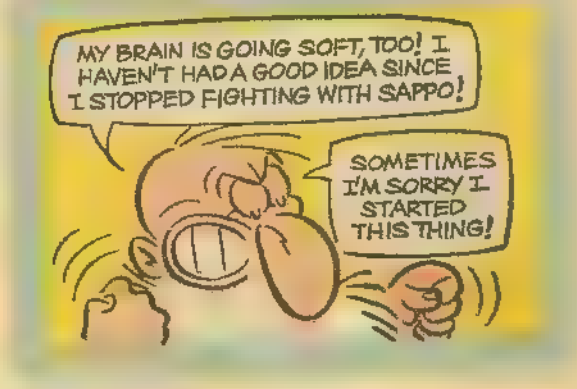

AND TEARING UP YOUR BILL FOR TWENTY YEARS ROOM AND BOARD!
RIP!


RIGHT AFTER LUNCH, PROFESSOR, I'LL READ TO YOU!
BOY, THIS IS THE LIFE!! I SHOULD HAVE THOUGHT OF THE CRYSTAL BALL GIMMICK YEARS AGO!

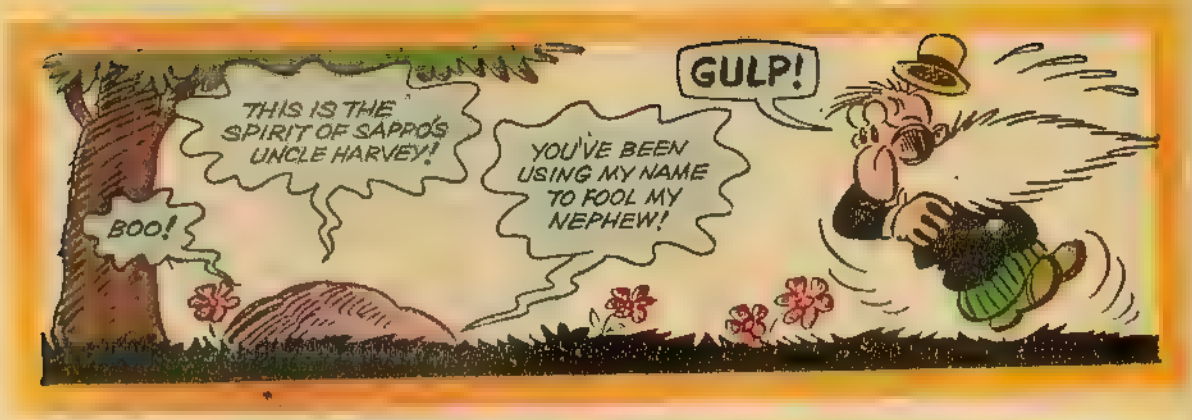

THREE WEEKS LATER
WOW! THIS HIGH LIVIN' IS MAKIN' ME FAT!
I'VE PUT ON TWENTY POUNDS!

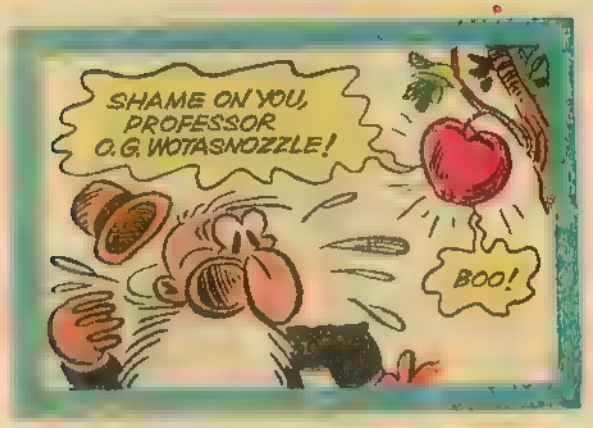

A LITTLE SNACK BEFORE LUNCH!
ER...NO! NO! NO, THANK YOU!

I'VE GOT TO GET AWAY FROM THE HOUSE!
IT'S NICE TO BE IDOLIZED BUT IT'S TOUGH ON THE WAISTLINE!

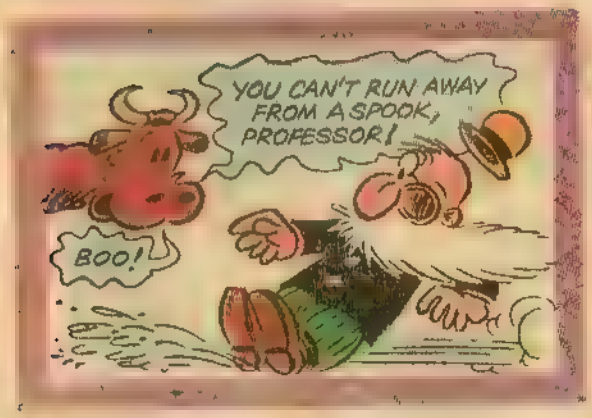

MY BRAIN IS GOING SOFT, TOO! I HAVEN'T HAD A GOOD IDEA SINCE I STOPPED FIGHTING WITH SAPPO!
SOMETIMES I'M SORRY I STARTED THIS THING!

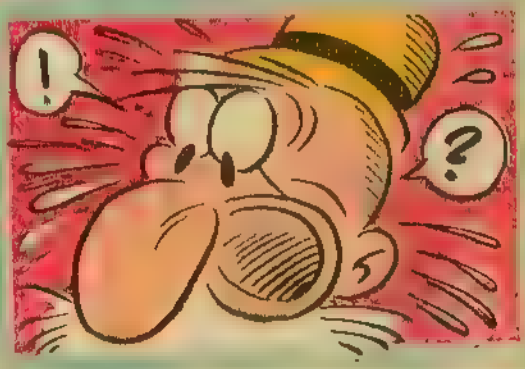
PROFESSOR!!!
YIKE WHO'S THAT?
?
?
UGH! WHAT A SPOOKY VOICE!

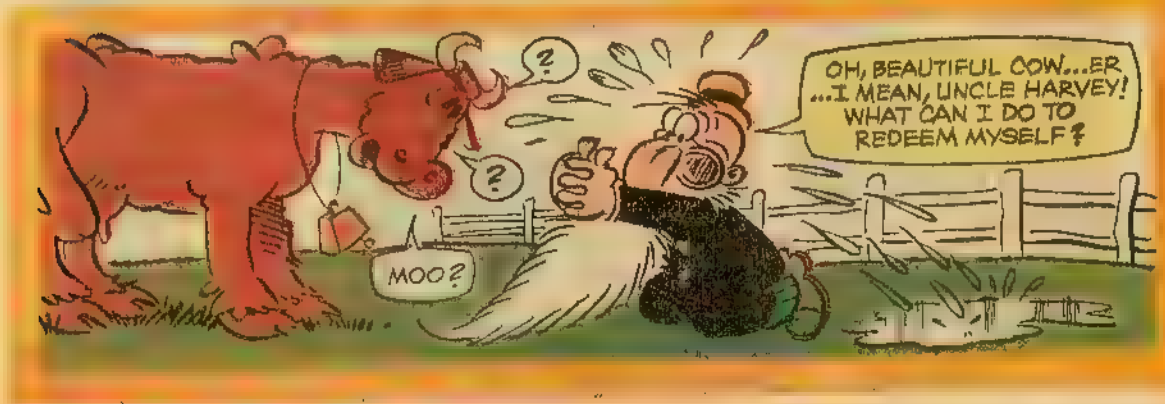

BOO!
THIS IS THE SPIRIT OF SAPPO'S UNCLE HARVEY!
YOU'VE BEEN USING MY NAME TO FOOL MY NEPHEW!
GULP!

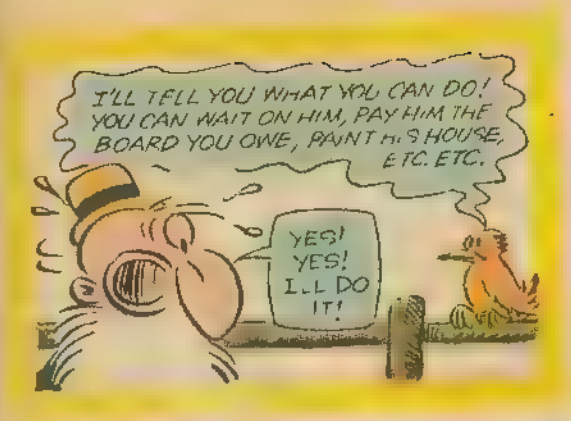

SHAME ON YOU, PROFESSOR O.G. WOTASNOZZLE!
BOO!

I'M GETTIN' OUT OF HERE!

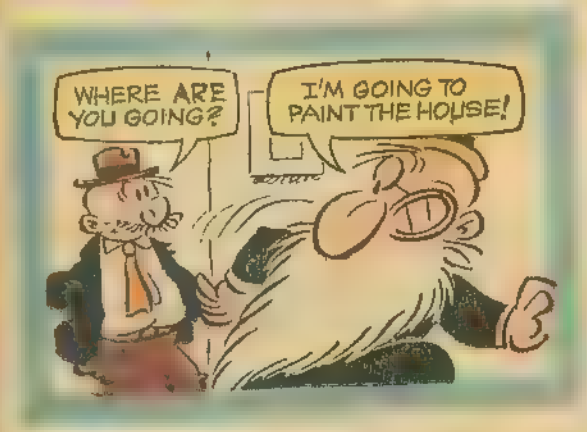

YOU CAN'T RUN AWAY FROM A SPOOK, PROFESSOR!
BOO!


!
?

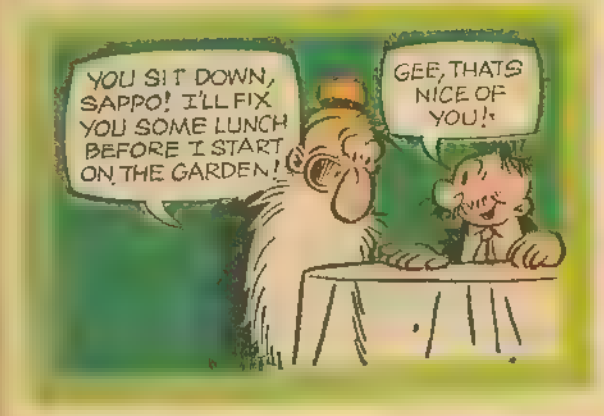

?
?
MOO?
OH, BEAUTIFUL COW...ER ...I MEAN, UNCLE HARVEY! WHAT CAN I DO TO REDEEM MYSELF?

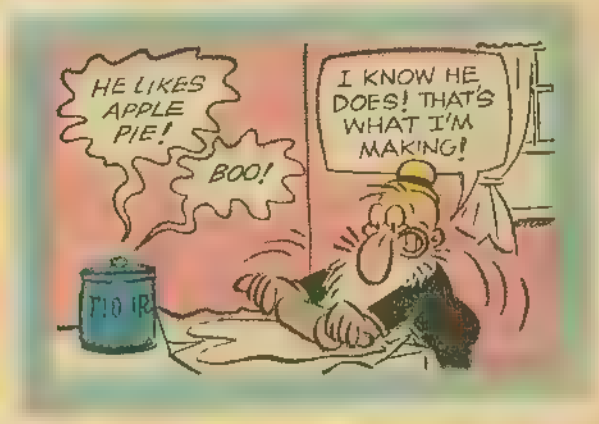

I'LL TELL YOU WHAT YOU CAN DO! YOU CAN WAIT ON HIM, PAY HIM THE BOARD YOU OWE, PAINT HIS HOUSE, ETC. ETC.
YES! YES! I'LL DO IT!

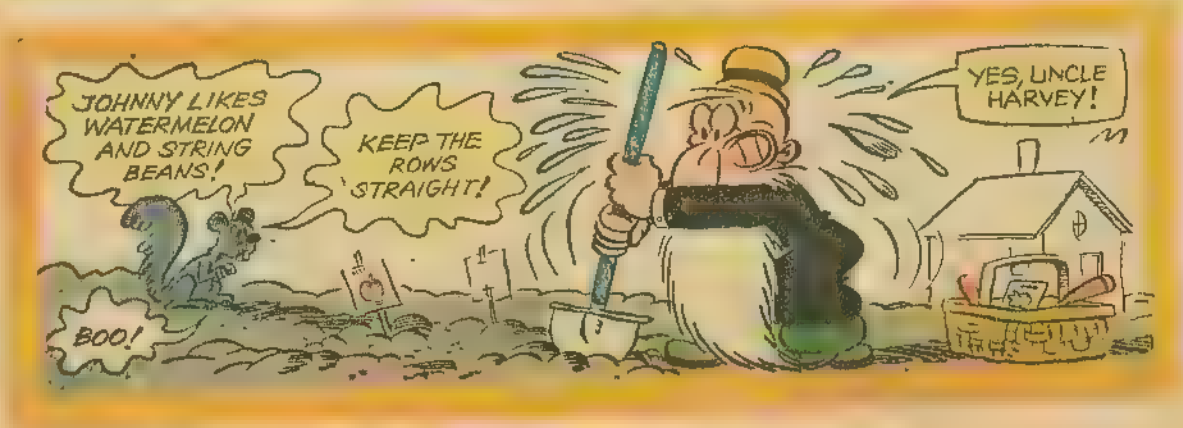
HERE'S TWENTY YEARS' BOARD, DEAR SAPPO!
THANK YOU, PROF!!


WHERE ARE YOU GOING?
I'M GOING TO PAINT THE HOUSE!

DO A GOOD JOB, PROFESSOR!!
YES, YES! I WILL, UNCLE HARVEY!


YOU SIT DOWN, SAPPO! I'LL FIX YOU SOME LUNCH BEFORE I START ON THE GARDEN!
GEE, THAT'S NICE OF YOU!

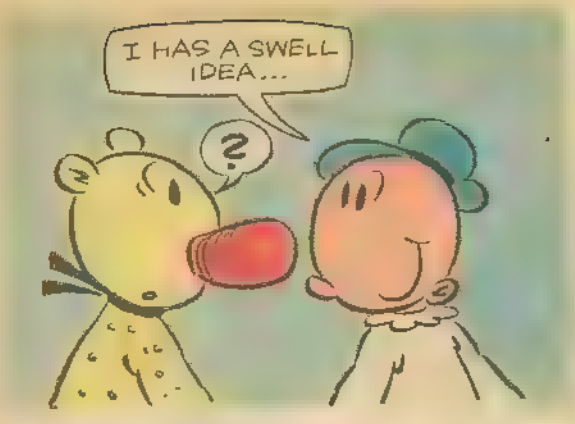

HE LIKES APPLE PIE!
BOO!
I KNOW HE DOES! THAT'S WHAT I'M MAKING!

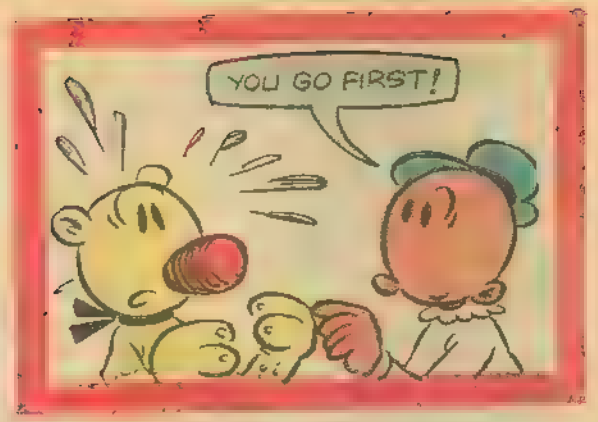

JOHNNY LIKES WATERMELON AND STRING BEANS!
KEEP THE ROWS STRAIGHT!
YES, UNCLE HARVEY!
BOO!

HAVE YOU FINISHED EVERYTHING UNCLE HARVEY ASKED YOU TO DO?
WHEEW! YES! I HOPE HE'S HAPPY!
NOW MAYBE HE'LL STOP SPOOKING ME!
I'M SURE HE WILL!
YIKE!! IT WAS YOU!
YES! A LITTLE VENTRILOQUISM TO GIT EVEN WITH YOU!
HA! HA!
YOU CHEAT! YOU CAD! GIVE ME BACK MY MONEY AND PAY ME FOR THE WORK I DID!
THE WAY I FIGURE IT, WE'RE EVEN! YOU GOT ME WITH THE PHONY CRYSTAL BALL AND I GOT YOU WITH MY SPIRIT VOICE!
HE'S RIGHT PROFESSOR!
DID YOU SAY THAT?
I DIDN'T SAY A WORD!
YOU'RE BOTH EVEN!
BOO!
YIKE! IT'S... IT'S...
IT'S MY UNCLE HARVEY!!
HA! HA!
BOO!
HA!
HA!

SWEE'PEA an' the JEEP IN SPOOK CAVE
YER A SCAREDY-CAT!
YA WOULDN'T DARE!
HA! HA! SWEE'PEA IS SCARED OF GHOSTS!
I YAM NOT NO COWARD!!
JEEP!
I WILL GO INTO SPOOK CAVE!!
WON'T WE, EUGENE?
GULP!
JEEP!
WE AIN'T A'SCARED OF NO BLASTID SPOOKS!
JEEP!

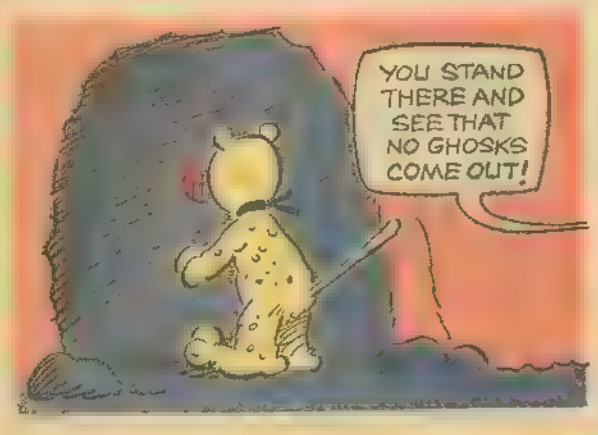
WE IS ALMOST THERE...DARN IT!
THERE-THERE-THERE IT IS!
GULP!
DANGER! WILD GHOST
DANGER
SPOOKS ONLY
FEE FIE FO FUM
VAMPIRES WELCOME
DOES YA THINK WE HAVE THE RIGHT CAVE?
Beware of the Werewolf!
LOOK OUT for PHANTOMS!
IF YOU DON'T WANT TO BE A SPECTER, GO HOME
CLEAN SHEETS 50¢
NEXT WEEK National Apparition Convention — TICKETS TWO BONES
BOO!
LIKE GO, MAN
ONE VACUUM CLEANER SALESMAN
MONSTERS
THIS COULD BE YOU
FIENDS
ABANDON HOPE, ALL YE WHO ENTER HERE!
PLEASE DO NOT FEED THE GHOULS
HELP WANTED! DISTINGUISHED SHARP TOOTHED OLD WORLD GENTLEMAN WANTS COMPANION— MUST BE HEALTHY— RED BLOODED


I HAS A SWELL IDEA...
?


YOU GO FIRST!

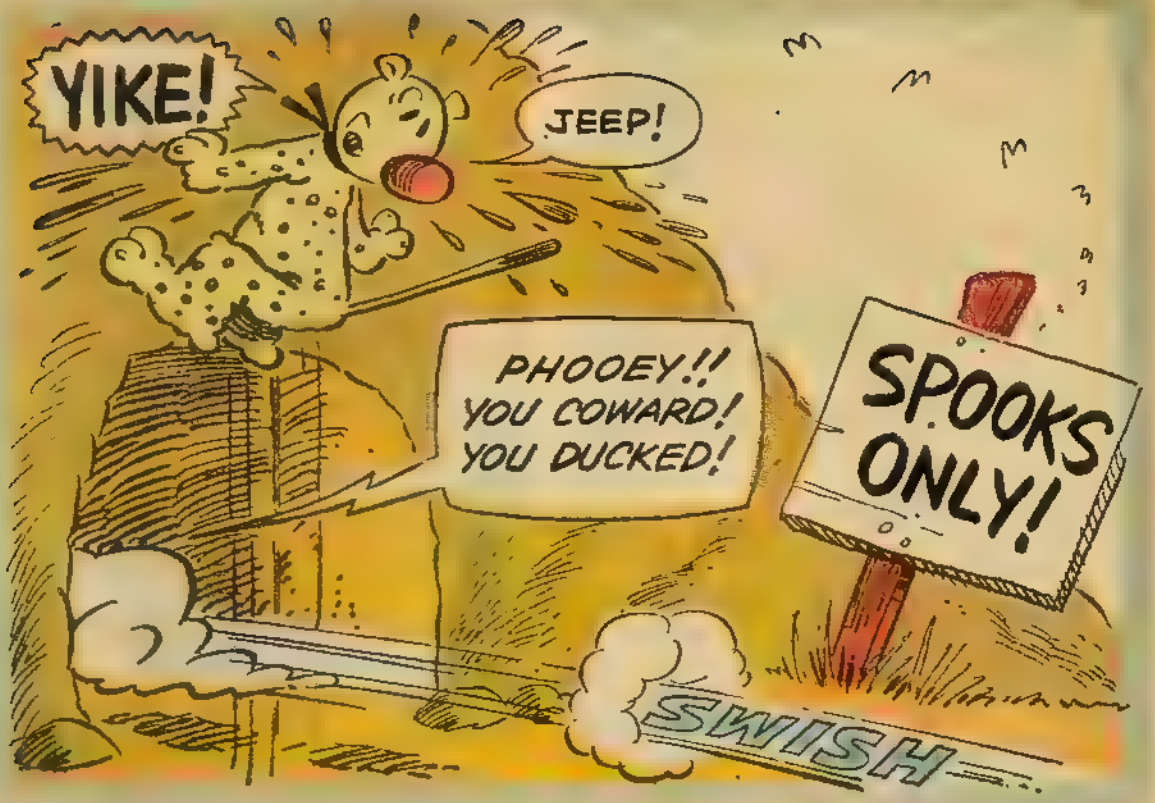
COME BACK, YOU COWARD!

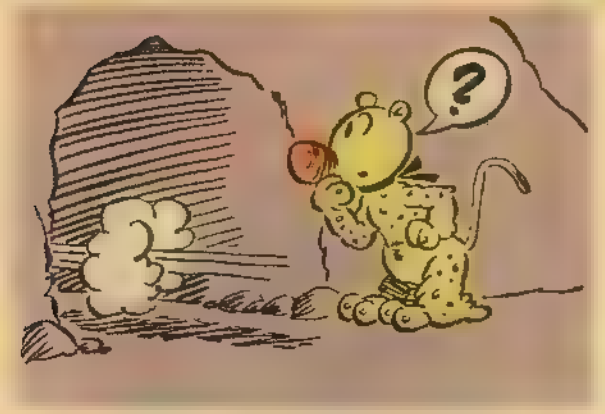
OKAY! I WILL GO FIRST!
SPOOKS ONLY!

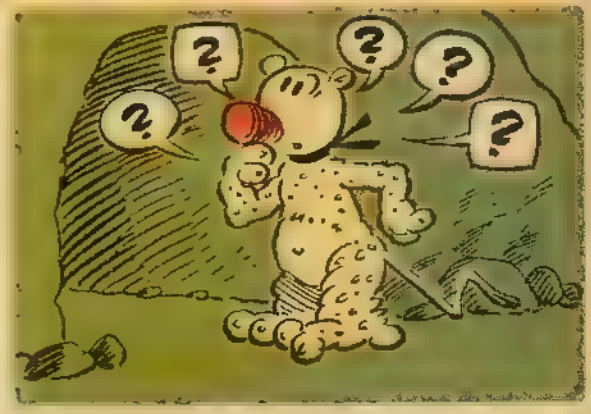

YOU STAND THERE AND SEE THAT NO GHOSTS COME OUT!

I WANTS TO GIT A RUNNING START!
?
HOLD STILL!

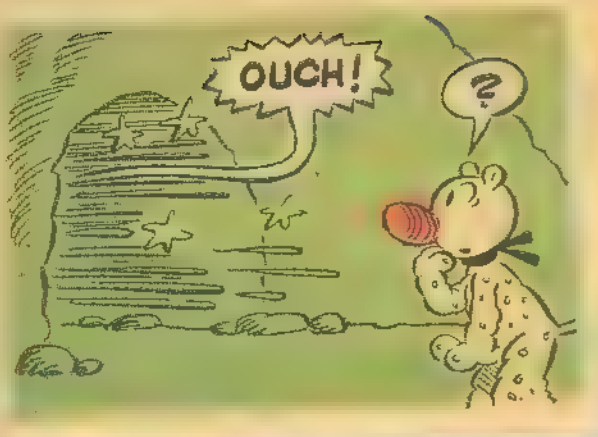
!
?
?
?
HERE I COMES!
ARF! ARF! I'LL SHOVE HIM IN!

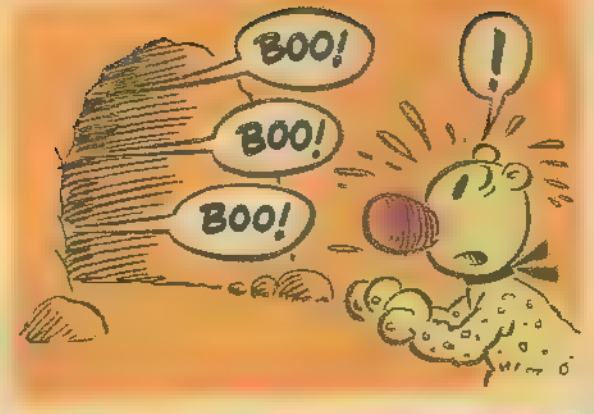

YIKE!
JEEP!
PHOOEY!! YOU COWARD! YOU DUCKED!
SPOOKS ONLY!
SWISH

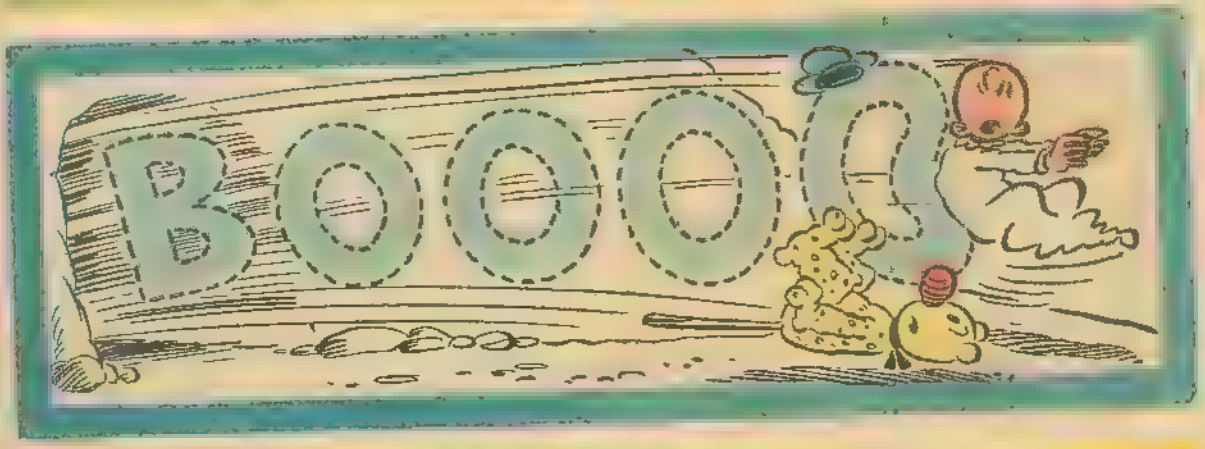

?

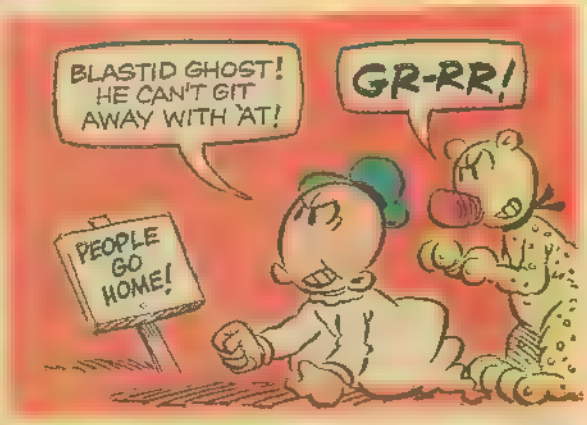

?
?
?
?
?

CRASH!


OUCH!
?

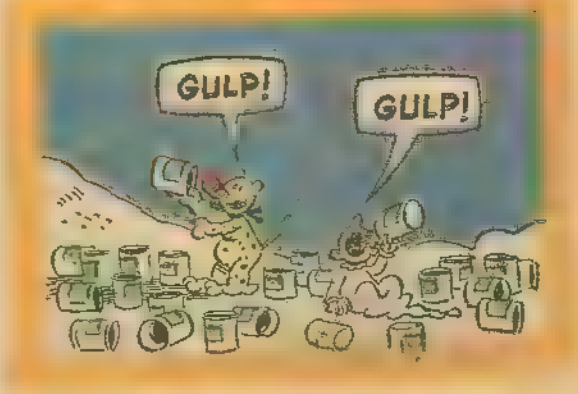

BOO!
BOO!
BOO!
!


BOO!


BLASTID GHOST! HE CAN'T GIT AWAY WITH 'AT!
GR-RR!
PEOPLE GO HOME!

COME ON, EUGENE! I KNOWS WHAT POPEYE WOULD DO AND THAT'S WHAT WE'LL DO!

WE'LL NEED ABOUT A DOZEN CANS EACH FER THIS JOB!

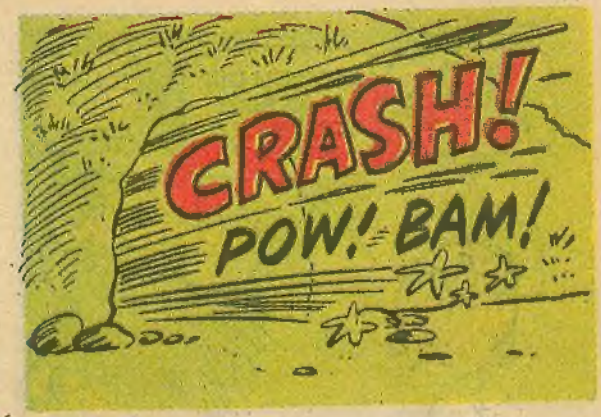

GULP!
GULP!

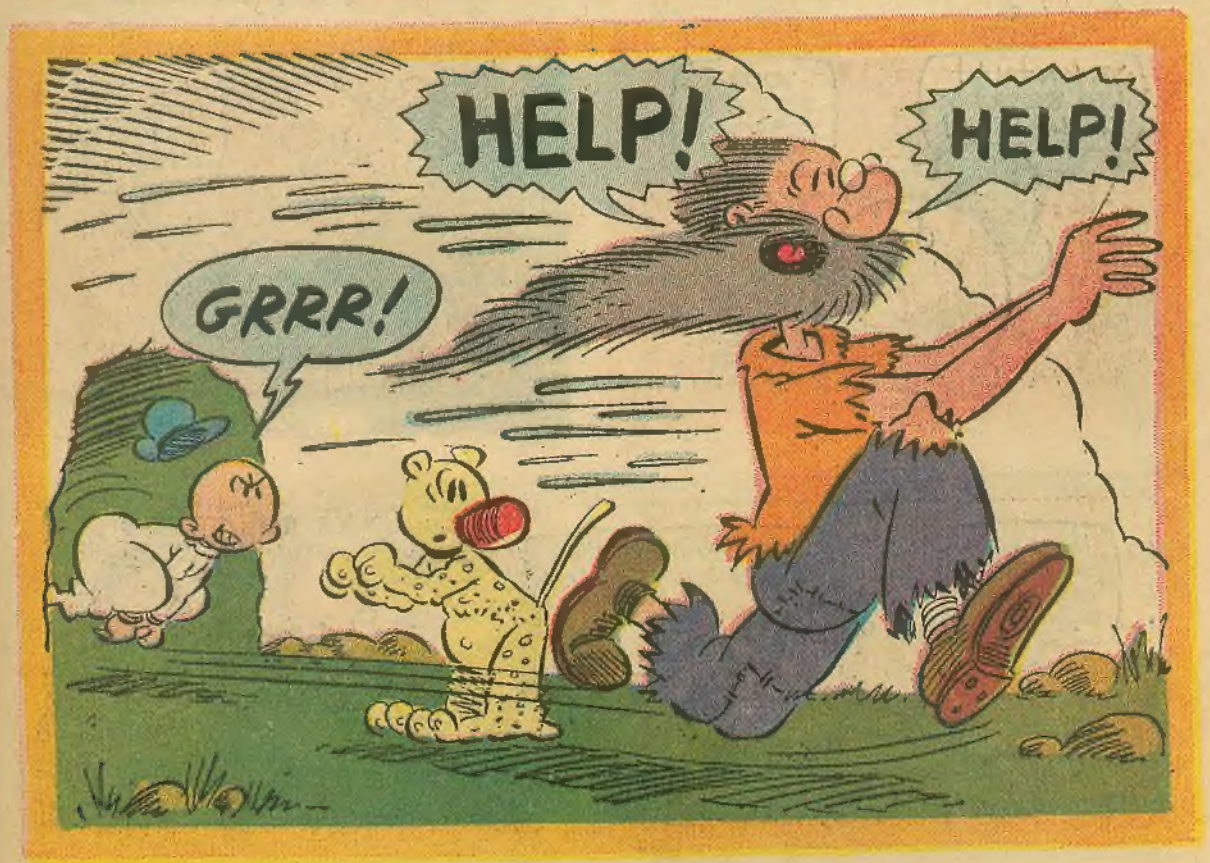
COME ON! NOW WE IS READY FER A WHOLE ARMY OF BLASTID GHOSKS!
GR-R-R!
SCRAM
AHOY, YA GHOSK! I YAM BACK!
GR-R!
BOO!
BOO YERSELF! WE IS HERE TO FIGHT!
GRR!
POW!
BAM!
EUGENE!
JEEP!
YER HITTIN' ME AN' I YAM HITTIN' YOU!
?

BOO!
HA! HA!
HA! HA!
HA!
?
?

SO WE WON'T GIT MIXED UP YOU GO OUTSIDE... I WILL TAKE CARE OF THIS SPOOK!
JEEP!

OKAY, YA SPOOKER... LE'S YOU AN' ME MIX IT UP!
?


CRASH!
POW! BAM!


HELP!
HELP!
GRRR!

GORSH! 'AT'S NO SPOOK! IT IS A POOR OL' HERMIT!!
?
WOE!! I'M A FAILURE!!
WOE!
NOW I'LL BE BOTHERED WITH PEOPLE!
I WON'T BE A HERMIT ANY-MORE!
GEE, I'M SORRY, MR. HERMIT!
BUT YOU DID PLAY LIKE YOU WERE A GHOSK!
I HAD TO!
I NEED PEACE AND QUIET TO SOLVE THE PROBLEM OF WHY! I PUT THE GHOST SIGNS UP TO STOP PEOPLE BOTHERING ME-- (SNIFF)--BUT NOW ALL IS LOST!
YA KIN TRUST US! WE WON'T TELL A SOUL!
YOUR SECRIT IS SAFE WIT' US!
COME ON, EUGENE! WE WILL GO TELL THE KIDS!
AND WE SAW THE HORRIBLE MONSKER!
IT IS TEN FEET HIGH AN' HAS THREE HEADS!
JEEP!
GULP!
GULP!

J. WELLINGTON WIMPY SPOOKBURGER